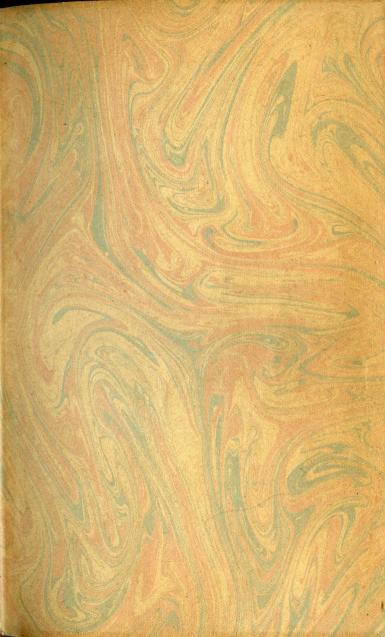
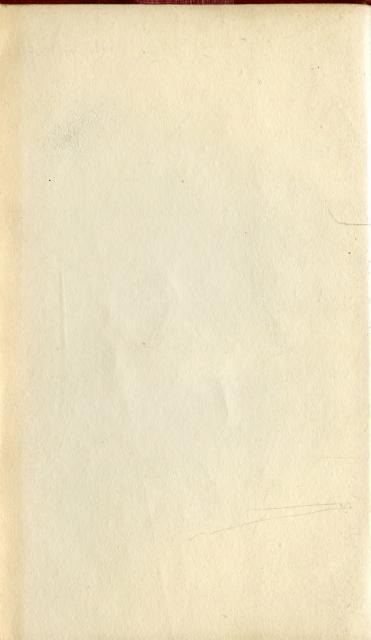
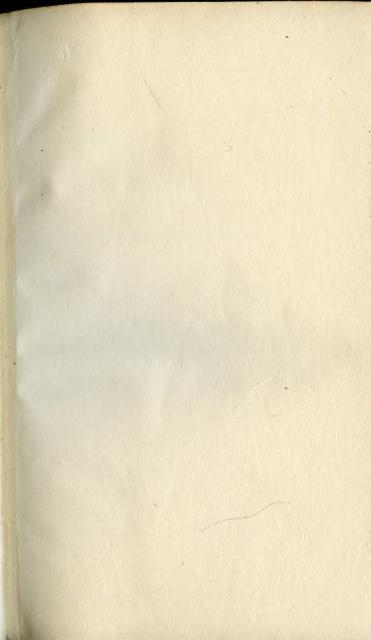
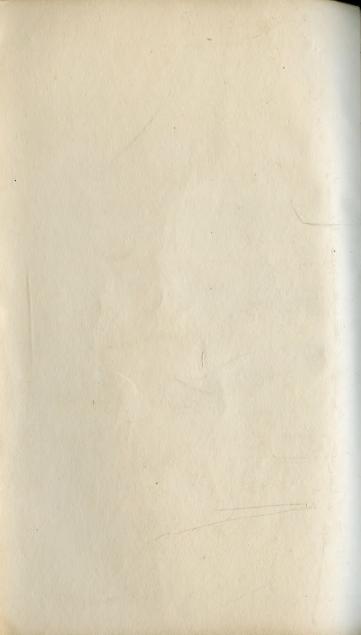


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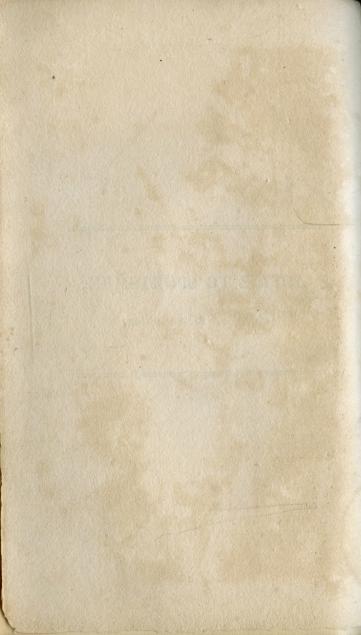






ADVICE TO SPORTSMEN,

Rural or Metropolitan.







ADVICE TO SPORTSMEN,

Rural or Metropolitan,
NOVICIATES OR GROWN PERSONS;

WITH

Anecdotes

OF THE MOST RENOWNED SHOTS OF THE DAY:

Exemplified from Life.

INCLUDING

RECOMMENDATORY HINTS

IN THE CHOICE OF GUNS, DOGS, AND SPORTING PARAPHERNALIA:

Also.

CHARACTERS, COSTUME, AND CORRESPONDENCE.

Selected from the

ORIGINAL NOTES, &c.

OF

MARMADUKE MARKWELL, Esq.

Thou shalt not kill .- Exodus.

A bold Pheasantry, a country's pride, When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

GOLDSMITH.

LONDON:

PUBLISHED BY THOMAS TEGG, 111, CHEAPSIDE.

Printed by Heney & Haddon, Tabernacle Walk.

1809.



DEDICATION.

To the most enlightened S portsman in the metropolis of the British Empire; equally keen in pursuit of the hare, the haunch,

the partridge, pheasant, woodcock, wildfowl, black or red game;

devourer of the amphibious turtle;
and terror of the Dutch;
dead shot at a patriot;
a marksman.

whose brilliant and sporting elocution can start

A JUBILEE

in the worst of times;
whose merry jokes create sport,
and are the cause of sport to others:

To SIR WILLIAM CURTIS, BART. M. P. &c. &c. &c.

These effusions of a City Sportsman, are, with all respect, inscribed,

by his
most devoted and obedient Servant,
Marmaduke Markwell.

Turn-again Lane, Sept. 1, 1809.



PREFACE.

PERHAPS it may not be amiss to repeat, as a celebrated sporting tourist has observed before, that the sporting intelligence contained in this work may be implicitly relied on; and the remarks occasionally introduced on the management and purchase of dogs, the best mode of trying and buying of game, &c. will, probably, afford much gratification to those city-gentlemen who follow the sports of the field, with all the avidity for which the celebrated sporting author of the foregoing tour, has long rendered himself so conspicuous.

Mr. Markwell, during a long sporting life, was the most intimate friend of the editor; who, upon every convenient opportunity, retired from the fatigue of city-concerns, to the hospitable villa of his friend, on Wandsworth-Moor: here it was, that Mr. Markwell collected his hints, &c. and declared his positive determination of, one day or other, giving the world his invaluable MSS.

Many a dreary winter's night, which would have been, otherwise, insupportable, has Mr. Markwell recounted the sporting atchievments of himself and his friends—until finding age, "with stealing step," creeping in upon him, and fearful, lest the fruits of a long sporting life should be lost, he finally determined to commit his anecdotes and observations to paper.—Often would he cry, squeezing the hand of the author—"here, my dear fellow, are the choicest relicks I can be queath you—take them, and when I am no more, let my works survive me."

Phraseology and technicals are as necessary to a sportsman as his fowling-piece—of course the editor, to make himself understood by sportsmen, has been under the

men. However necessary technical expressions may be in the various branches of art, science, and mechanism, the editor, nevertheless, considers a man of sound common sense will always understand and prefer plain English terms, beyond the jargon of a second Babel. Custom, however, in this, prevents him from following his inclination, and obliges him to keep the old track, of calling things and circumstances by names as opposite as they are unintelligible, to every one but the society for whom they were formed.

"Thus habit prevails in defiance of reason."

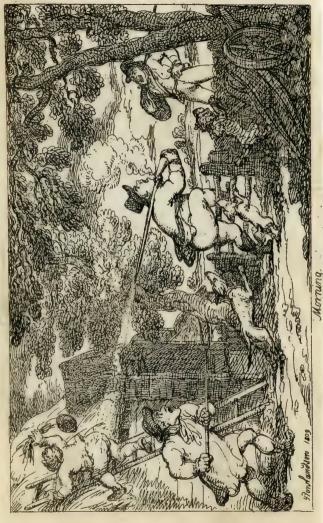
So much for the refined era of the nine-teenth century.

Mr. Markwell during his life-time, received innumerable communications from correspondents, some of which the editor has subjoined.

The letters from his city friends were rather too numerous to be all inserted; to those, therefore, alone, of a particular sporting nature, he has given a preference.

Mr. Markwell's universal acquaintance with the most remarkable sportsmen of his day, enabled him to be profuse in anecdote, that would otherwise have been lost. His intimate knowledge of the feats of those choice spirits, he has recorded in a mode peculiar to himself; and fortunate for the editor, he has been so very precise and intelligible, as to have left him little more to perform than merely arranging the materials.





ADVICE TO SPORTSMEN.

- "Twas Nimrod bold, that mighty hunter, first
- 16 Made war on beasts, and stain'd the woodland
- "Green with purple dye," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

From the earliest periods we behold the breasts of Britons fired alike, with emulation for war or the chase.—" The love of liberty," says the great Sir William Temple, "bred our forefathers to the use of arms, while necessity compelled them for a subsistence to pursue the hart and wild boar."—Thus exercise in pursuit of game, leads imperceptibly into the honourable profession of arms.

It was then the golden age existed—shifting from spot to spot, as nature or the season invited, our ancestors knew no other right than that of universal sufferance: dwelling during the summer months amidst woods and mountains,

and with the frigid season's approach, changing alike their abode. No lordly master then circumscribed or limited their tribes—free, wandering, happy Britons! whose soil became the property of the industrious labourer, taught by nature to appreciate her gifts. In those times men hunted as they fought; and though some centuries have since elapsed, still it is pleasing to reflect that the love of rural sports and the chase, are not extinct in the bosom of British youth.

The transports that fire the mind on any relation of the chase are inherent in Englishmen; an involuntary sigh escapes the palpitating breast, which beats high for sporting glory; but alas, for want of some kind friend to lead our bashful youth of the present day, many a noble soul is suffered to pine in silence, and waste the prime of life behind the counter or the desk! dull tedious moments, fitted only for the phlegmatic, money-making Dutchman, or the snoring German. Avaunt, ye miscreants of care! the pleasing task be mine, to initiate my city-friendsinto the use and manly science* of the gun.

^{*} Mr. Markwell always insisted on the use of gunnery being termed a science—nevertheless, he admitted there was an art in shooting flying.

Too much modesty is an insuperable bar to the rise and progress of many a man: an assurance, commonly called a modest assurance, will be found highly necessary for a young sportsman; it will give him an opportunity. when dressed in his shooting jacket, &c. of appearing to advantage. Who can distinguish in a general company of habited sportsmen, the son of Deputy Bacon from that of Sir Marvellous Cracklie? Still I must caution my Cheapside friends when in a shooting party, to avoid all technicals except those of sporting: for instance, it would not be exactly genteel to tell the squire's son he was gammoning you, if he were relating an extraordinary day's sport; or that you minced them as you would maggots in a Cheshire, if you intended to relate a great slaughter you made the day before in a covey of sparrows-(I begin with these trifling hints) as recommendatory for young sportsmen to avoid smelling of the shop, which it were as well to leave on Garlick-hill, or Cateaton-street.

If you are desirous of becoming noticed, and wish to introduce a description of your kennel, or a particular breed, do it if possible in the language of a gentleman; or should you be

at a loss, recollect we have abundance of authors who might furnish you with quotations: for instance, take Theseus's description of his hounds, from Shakespeare—my word for it, among the general class of sportsmen, you'll be looked upon as a superior. For instance, you'll say—

- " My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
- " So flow'd, so sanded, and their heads are hung
- " With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
- " Crook'd-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like Thessalian bulls;
- " Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
- Each under each, a cry more tuneable
- Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn,
- " In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly."-

Thus we have the descriptive, with all necessary technicals of the sportsman; and should accident require it, you can easily metamorphise the beagle into a pointer, or the fox-hound into a setter: these trifling effusions will only prove your genius and invention.

An implicit attention from young sportsmen, to the relation of any field sports by an old shot, is absolutely necessary; never contradict—it is bad manners; besides, when it may hecome your own turn to relate a day's pastime, you will have an opportunity of running a parallel, and who will dare to doubt it? Long stories, long shots, and a little of the wonderful are to be expected; these well frothed and mixed, will glide down as easily as a whip-syllabub: A little experience will convince youthful sportsmen how very easy it is to relate circumstantially what he dreamt of the preceding night; then, heightening the event as occasion may require, you will shortly have attained the perfection of that part of the science denominated the marvellous, which, once acquired, seldom leaves a true sportsman. Mr. Tally-ho, a particular friend of Mr. Markwell's, might be said to excel in this instance.—I hardly ever knew, said the latter of those gentlemen, a tale related, be it ever so noble or praise-worthy, but my friend Tally-ho would find its equ . if he listens to one imported from the Cape of Good Hope, or South America, with the greatest composure he fetches its twin brother from Cochin, China, or perhaps Kamschatka-distance with him is no object; fertile in imagination, he is ever ready to oblige and instruct his company. When the celebrated Irish bred horse,

the property of Mr. Bingham, leaped over the wall of Hyde-Park for a considerable wager, the particulars were read from a newspaper in the presence of Mr. Tally-ho, who considered it trifling, when compared to his blind mare Phænomena, that leaped, the Saturday before, with him on her back, into the window of his first floor. In such comparative events, perhaps Mr. Markwell's friend stands unrivalled. Many instances of the atchievements of this gentleman I shall have occasion to relate to my young friends, for their future guidance and direction.

The marvellous is absolutely as necessary for a sportsman as his fowling-piece, else how tedious must many narrations appear, particularly after a dull heavy day's sport, with indifferent success. Gentlemen in orders, who follow the diversions of the field, are remarkable for their attachment to the wonderful; it also assists squires and their toad-eaters, to fill up those vacant hours that must otherwise be solely occupied by ennui.

The next subject that will occupy the attention of my brother-sportsman, will of course be that of his dogs—various are the methods of

procuring these necessary animals: I would advise them to purchase handsome and creditable looking pointers and setters, for appearances are a great recommendation among gentlemen, such being generally noticed by all ranks, however faulty they may be in other respects. Who is there in existence, that has not observed a smart well-dressed blockhead, without a single qualification, more than his external habiliment, receive congratulations, before the thread-bare equipped man of modest merit? Perish the comparison! I would have my friends always prefer the dulca to the needful.

Dogs purchased at the various menageries in and about the metropolis, will be found a doubtful speculation; beside the mortification of having them claimed by some passenger, just as you may be stepping into your chaise or dog-cart for a shooting excursion. Sportsmen will have many opportunities to furnish themselves during the months of July and August, from advertisements in the public papers; or at the different repositories for the sale of horses, &c. &c.

Mr. James Sheppard, near the Rising Sun, in Globe-lane, Mile-end, is, perhaps, a gen-

tleman who has procured more dogs for sportsmen, than any dealer, breeder, or trainer of the present day; he is also exceeding moderate in his demands, and possesses what the celebrated Mr. Christie, in his line, would entitle a bijoux .- If a liberal price is advanced to this gentleman, he will undertake to procure from any distance, the highest crack dogs of the country: he has been known to procure such for gentlemen, though at a distance of 200 miles from the metropolis: his manner, address, and expertness in borrowing these animals, has acquired him the distinguished honor and reputation of being considered as an alias by the title of Jemmy Go Quick. Should Mr. Sheppard procure my friends a supply for their kennels, it were as well they did not disclose to him the place of their residence, otherwise in a few days, in all probability, he might take the liberty of borrowing such dogs back again for some fresh friend in want of a staunch breed. Men are often seen perambulating the streets with innumerable dogs following them; here an opportunity often occurs of picking up something in this way that may answer your purpose; these personages are generally of that description

who value the skins of this kind animal beyond any natural property or instinct they may possess; therefore, a purchase made from such is usually on very moderate terms. It is not to be inferred from what I have just mentioned, that every person you may meet with in the street, having a train of these creatures following, are to be considered what are termed buffers. Who can possibly mistake the gait and elegant deportment of the celebrated Caleb Baldwin, Ikey Pig, or Dutch Sam, and comparing them with the stiff, upright walk of an India Director, or a Member of the Lower House, be so deceived as to consider them the same description of personages; yet, sorry am I to add, that for want of a just discrimination in the public, such great men have been mistaken for the former class of gentlemen. A few years since, a distinguished character of the city, and a member of _____, was famed and remarked in his perambulations from Lead. enhall-street to Palace-yard, for the immense number of these faithful creatures being always in his train. The uncharitable part of the multitude, in their coarse way, would observe he was a puddinger, a prigger, or a buffer; and

as he passed, generally bestowed some such compliment upon him. On an occasion, as he walked through the Strand with his usual retinue howling at his heels, a mob had gathered on the opposite side of the way and were scrutinizing his avocations, when a Jack Tar, just arrived from the East Indies, swore by a terrible oath, he was a Chinese dog-butcher-46 shiver my topsail," says Jack, " can't you see how the poor devils are beseeching him not to cut their throats." " Nonsense," cries old surly Pearson, (the door-keeper to a great house) who had pushed forward in the crowd, "don't you know him? Why its Dog D-, a member of our place, a modern saint of St. Swho proposed to the minister the tax upon those animals; a truly good, pious man, and one of the founders of the Society for the Suppression of Vice,"-who

Thus from mistake and misrepresentation, a philanthropist and a member of the senate may be said to have dwindled in the estimation of the

[&]quot; Hang their cats on Mondays,

[&]quot; For killing mice on Sundays --- "

world, from the noble character of a legislator into that of a dirty dog-skinner.

Having touched upon the manners and introductory habits of sporting, it will now be necessary to recommend what may be termed the paraphernalia of a sportsman; the appendages are rather numerous, but must be possessed:a fowling-piece, battle powder, patent shot, &c. &c. with a proper bag of moderate size to hold your game; without this convenience to hang by your side, you'll feel exceedingly perplexed by inquisitive passengers hailing you with-what sport, brother shot? as you pass them; here then they may see and judge for themselves. It were as well also for sportsmen to find an easy and a ready way of procuring a few head of game for their friends before they leave town, least the county they happen to sport in should fall short; or by accident they should shoot rather in a hurry, and have little success. I would recommend Mr. Richard Day, the porter of the coaches at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, to supply city-gentlemen; he can relieve all their wants, and that at a very moderate rate. Of hares, pheasants, or partridges, he has always an abundant stock, so that gentlemen may anticipate how many head of game they intend to kill for each friend, without the danger of disappointment.

Game thus bagged, by the aid of patent shot. that kill in all directions, must be well examined before you take it with you any distance from town, lest having occupied a space in Mr. Day's apartments rather too long, it might, par hazard, steal away, by the aid of its inhabitants, to its old haunts, from whence it was conveyed by the Norwich-coach. This precaution being taken, you may easily place your purchase in your large jacket-pocket; and when within a mile or two of the end of your journey, a-light from the coach, and tell the driver to bespeak your beds where he changes horses; that you'll shoot your way to the end of the journey. By this means all suspicion is avoided, and except yourself and friend who sports with you, where is the man that can contradict your success; when arrived at your inn you'll naturally call the waiter, and enquire if your beds are bespoke. At such time no doubt you'll empty your pockets of your game, that he may have occular demonstration of the slaughter you have committed, and extol your

exploits among his party-coloured friends. the familiar jocose phraseology of Bond-street, you will now consider the waiter as your equal, and with a vawning gape and stretched arms, demand of Bobby when the first coach for town passes, as you must send a few head of game up to a d-d good fellow. Having thus saved appearances, and kept your word with your friends, it will be quite immaterial what success attends the excursion. I have known some of these parties where the wine has been tolerable, and the treatment in any degree respectable, to hardly ever reach beyond the garden for a week together. Gentlemen having kept their promise, are not to be jaded to death for their friends; the country is the place for repose and contentment, and surely a city-sportsman has a right to its enjoyments.

Should my friends on the contrary he alive to the sports of the field, and determine on a thorough week's amusement, they will do well to keep a register of their exploits; books of this description are now universal among good shots, and to be had of any bookseller in town or country: the manner and style of keeping one of these diaries, I beg to present my readers with, and should hope the same success may attend their parties, as did the celebrated Mr. Coke and his friends.

HOLKHAM-NORFOLK.

The following is an account of the game killed by Mr. Coke, and seven other gentle-

men:—	
Te Te	otal.
Oct 31. 218 hares, 21 pheasants, 6 partridges, 180	
rabbits	425
Nov. 1. No particulars	57
2. 173 hares, 32 pheasants, 25 partridges,	
183 rabbits, 1 woodcock, 4 wood-	
pigeons	418
3. No particulars	78
4. 114 hares, 29 pheasants, 12 partridges, 178	
rabbits, 6 woodcocks	339
	33
5. 1 hare, 32 partridges	-
7. 203 hares, 28 pheasants, 19 partridges, 185	443
rabbits, 4 woodcocks, 6 wood pigeons	6
8. 62 partridges	O,
9. 4 hares, 2 pheasants, 69 partridges, 4 rab-	
bits, I snipe	- 8
10. 147 hares, 27 pheasants, 11 partridges, 123	
rabbits, 8 woodcocks	31
11. 86 hares, 9 pheasants, 31 partridges, 7 rab-	10
bits, 2 woodpigeons, 2 snipes	13

Nov. 12. 6 hares, 7 pheasants, 78 partridges, 2 rab-	Total.
bits	93
14. 84 hares, 34 pheasants, 31 rabbits, 9 wood-	
15. 70 hares, 15 pheasants, 9 partridges, 51 rabbits	
17. 25 hares, 10 pheasants, 6 partridges, 36 rabbits, 2 woodcocks	
Grand total	2868

Bless my heart, what tremendous shots they are in-NORFOLK!

There can arise but little doubt that gentlemen may often belong to parties where similar success will attend them, particularly if they use the long bow—and that over the bottle.

The following description of a week's sport has just been forwarded to the author, from the diary of his friend Mr. Mushroom, of Pickle-cabbage-court, near Salter's-hall, Oilman, which far exceeds, in his opinion of sport, the 2868 head of game, killed by Mr. Coke and his brothers of the long-bow.

A PRETTY WEEK'S SPORT.

MONDAY.

CHAPTER II.

TO DILBERRY DIDDLE, ESQ.

My Dear Fellow,

You who constantly approve of my turtle and claret, can appreciate my taste, and bear evidence of my equipage being the standard and ton of the present day; you recollect whilst my new dog-cart was building, how careful I was to consult my pointer's convenience, as well as my own inconvenience—but that you know was Ton; you gave me great applause for my humanity, in having the air-holes large enough for Don and Ponto, to put their heads full out, while Mr. Sneer, the coach-maker, helped you to quiz me with its tout nouvelle. I think it must become quiz, and will certainly be followed: the sequel, you sly dog, will tell how prettily you both hoaxed me. Shortly after

you left me, I beheld Bounce the lawyer trip up to the door, who was to be my partner in a week's sport, and with him came his brace of setters in couples; almost at the same instant Ned brought up the new dog-cart, with my famous mare Fly.

Matters being arranged and the pointers put into the basket, it was agreed Bounce's setters should travel down in couples, tied under the axle; and as our distance was but twenty miles, they would come in for our second day's sport,

and have the first day for resting.

"Bet you," cries Bounce, "fifty to forty, Fly don't do the twenty miles in an hour and a half."—(Bob you know is a devil of a gamester, as well as a swearer; it was only last week he staggered the court by an affidavit, and caused the gentle Garrow to protest by his modesty, he exceeded all his acquaintance at the bar—while the bench blushed with astonishment; it was all one to Bob, who carried his point and d—d their squeamishness. I'll tell you the remainder when we meet.) Nettled at Bob's proposal, and knowing how easy Fly has done fifteen within the hour, I agreed to the stake; the stone's-end given in, and off I drove; got some cursed jerks and twitches in the road, and per-

ceiving no cause for them, thought it d—d strange; but just turned into father's gateway five minutes short of the time: done Bobby; "done my boy, hand over my duck," quoth I, exclaiming triumphantly; when turning myself round, I perceived Ponto's head leaning out of one of the air-holes almost severed from his body; while on the opposite side a remnant of poor Don, seemed to clog the action of the off wheel.

'Pon honor don't recollect to have heard the brutes cry out: suppose they were winding a piece of fat bacon we saw a Jew pedlar devouring slyly under the hedge, by the road side, and got their heads too far out-Curse my humanity I say for making such air-holes: that d-d Don must have amused himself by peeping through the spokes of the wheel, or how the devil could he have been hauled out, body, bones and allthe infernal jerk that lifted me half a yard above my seat must have been given while his inquisitive head was through one part of the wheel, and his carcase under the other-" If I had not lost my fifty," cries Bounce, "should not fret,"-" there my setters will bring us through the week's sport,"-" Naw measter, that

wont be the case this time," cries Tom, my dad's carter, who was come to unharness the mare: 66 they be through the axle-tree and as dead as dumplings:"-" dead," bawls Bob, and out he jumps-" here's your d-d patent axle-tree has hanged the setters; "_ " Y'ees the axle has got loose and wound up the poor dogs," replied Tom -" Marcy on me, how their eyes stare out of their heads"-" I never saw any thing like 'em, but Moll Parker's ghost, that frighted I so last New Year's night:"-" O lud, what strange work new patterns make"_" Oh Moll Parker. Moll Parker"_" I certainly shall see Moll's ghost again, as sure as I be here."___ 16 D_n Moll Parker's ghost," cries Bounce, "we shall lose our week's sport :"-Father coming out at this instant desired us to moderate our rage, and he would procure as a supply of dogs for our amusement-Dad, you know Dill, is a kind soul, so taking each of us by an arm, marched us into the house, where we were welcomed by mother and sisters-believe, &c.

MATTHEW MUSHROOM.

P.S. I shall write you every evening, during the week, an account of our day's sport.

TUESDAY EVENING.

Dear Diddle,

You would have been astounded could you have heard Bounce, last night, cram the old one: poor soul, he swallowed Bob's lies as so many draughts of his own best brew'd; I can hardly tell how many head of game he killed in one day; to be sure, as he observed, it was on a wonderful well stocked manor—I who knew him pretty well set it all down as FUDGE.

Hawthorn called in to chat with the girls—saved father the trouble of sending to borrow the pointers for us—gave his immediate promise to accommodate, and offered to accompany us—accept-his offer. Hawthorn is a perfect well-bred country gentleman, courteous, easy, and free, though shrewd and satirical—Dad often pointed him out as a model for me—never shall be half as well respected. After an hour's company Hawthorn began to smoke Bounce, and beckoning sisters aside, enquired where I picked up that strange animal—supposed I had hired him of Pidcock to surprise my country friends with—the jades chuckle—father yawns—blow

my nose cursed loud to prevent laughing—Bob feels quiz'd—the girls torment Hawhorn for dancing with Miss Wryback at the assize-ball, who protests aloud he could no more give pain to misfortune, than he would tolerate unbecoming assurance—another slap at Bounce who becomes more sheepish than before. Father sees Hawthorn's drift—to cut long stories orders supper; insists on Hawthorn stopping to take his pipe—makes the family-jorum of punch in Toby Philpot—sings his life and death—the song passes round with success to our ensuing day's sport—take our leave of Hawthorn until morning, and retire to rest.

The morning breaks with streaks of red,
Dancing round the mountain's head;
Warbling birds in tuneful choirs,
Fluttering over thorns and briars;
Dews distilled from amber shrouds,
Dappled day 'dorns eastern clouds.

H.

Hawthorn arrives—Tom uncoupled the dogs—throw off on the stubble behind father's rick-yard—Hawthorn leaves his gun at home, from politeness, and insists on becoming our marker—has stocked his poney's saddle with pork.

pasties, and a flask of the best-understands what's good for cockney sportsmen.

Dogs point in the braw-field-killed my righthand bird-missed with my other barrel-thought I did great things to bring down my first shot -Bob let fly in the covey, touched nothingswore his piece hung fire_consoled by Hawthorn, " with better luck another time;" charged again-beat sharp_nothing more in the field-followed the game into standing beans -Bob fluttered by the birds making such a d-d clutter-shakes like a dog in a wet sackstalks up the beans in a tremor-lets fly at the first bird that rises, knocks him down-forgets his fright, and runs to pick up-turns out to be a dark brown owl that had been mousing in the crop, got his prey in one claw, with t'other fastens on Bounce's wrist; only winged, looked as grave as a doctor feeling Bounce's pulsebellows so loud that the covey steal off-appears, for all the world, as a grand falconer with his favorite bird, perch'd ready for a flight at the quarry: Hawthorn fastens a piece of whipcord, with a loop, round his worship's neck, and drawing it tight, relieves him of his breath. and Bounce of his attachment.

Bounce turns dung—shies the beans—wonders if he should kill a bird the whole day—Hawathorn wonders so too.

Enter a fresh field-nothing in it-try the next-Bounce in such agony as induces Hawthorn to insist on carrying the fowling-piecehis wrist bleeds copiously-phlebotomy good for hot sportsmen-Juno winds the coveyto-ho_she has 'em_wont lay-hold up-good dogs-get into turnips-assured by Hawthorn there's game in the field; returns Bounce his piece—a devil of a rustling among the Swedes; their large leaves hide the object that keeps a foot_Bounce swears its a puss-fires a good shot-has killed a young grunter of Farmer Snarls that had strayed from the sow and litter in an adjoining field-Bounce talks of baging the bantling-overruled by us-throw it in the ditch_he casts a longing eye behind him as if to mark the spot_shake our heads-wont docast wide to avoid consequences_Beat a tedious barren country-day begins to get hot-dogs can't scent propose returning the shortest way home-in getting thro' a double hedge, Bounce's noise and gabbling put up a covey; he lets flybrings down a bird by accident, his piece recoiling closes his peepers, and drives a doubletooth down his throat-done to a stand still-Hawthorn again takes up his gun and perches him on the poney-send him through the riding of the wood, whilst we beat it-very likely haunt for birds in the middle of the day-flush a woodcock-Hawthorn brings him down-kill a pheasant from point myself-both make good our next shots at the end of the covert-join Bob whose face resembles a Poisarde after a Billings. gate encounter_joke him about his gun taking measure of his eyes for a suit of mourning-says he don't like joking, and grumbles all the way home-to keep him in temper promise him the game, which he has spelt for; swears we are hearty fellows, as he wants to oblige a particular friend-reach dad's just time enough to write this before bell rings for dinner .- Adieu in haste.

Your's, &c.
MATTY MUSHROOM.

WEDNESDAY, P. M.

Dear Diddle,

After dinner yesterday as the day before, Bob supplied us with an additional budget of his

flams, and so bored the old one—that as we say on 'change he was worse by fifty per cent than on Monday. Dad begins to answer all his appeals with anan, and then lets fly a volley of smoke from his lips, so that Bounce thrusting his face near dad's chin, to impress his opinion with energy, is generally cut out of a long story by a fit of sneezing.

Girls on a fresh scent—they have been pitying Bob and insisted on becoming his surgeon—they applied, as they called it, an emollient to his eyes, which, before it had been on an hour, completely closed what the gun had before dimmed—the pain increasing, alarned the gypsies, and after enjoying his roaring and groaning, they relieved him by bathing that part of his face with cold water, which subdued the inflammation and soon restored him to day-light. Apologizing for indisposition, he left us early in the evening to a comfortable family-party, by as comfortable a fire-side; whispering me as a favour, to forward the game to cher amic Amelia Louisa Spitfire.

"Now your rara avis Mr. Mat has departed," says Jane, "you shall hear Mr. Hawthorn's last written Pastoral, and if Ann will play it on the piano, I'll venture on the words."

As father and mother are passionately fond of music, and had not heard this new specimen of Hawthorn's rural taste, we soon had attention paid to

THE CORN KEEPER,

OR

BIRD-BOY.

Thro' the dew ruddy morning's bright beams,
The bird-boy trips over the fallow,
On the gate-rail now watchfully leans,
His note scarcing pie, daw, and swallow.
With away bird, away bird, away bird—away—e—
e—e—bird away.

Round ripe yellow fields of rich corn,
With his clapper the bird-boy will halloo,
Till harvest-men sound the eve' horn,
And ale lightens labour and sorrow.
With away bird, &c.

Peaceful slumbers attend the poor hind,
No dream has the bird-boy of horror,
His master being gentle and kind,
And health crowning labour each morrow.
With away bird, &c.

Evening creeping on us, and promising Bob should have the game forwarded, I proposed

fresh sport for the wenches' amusement, and desired 'em to prepare needles and thread, while I stepped for the owl that Hawthorn slung to his poney's saddle; with such, and birds of prey. he usually adorns the front of his stable-this grave gentleman, who had amused us at Bob's expence in the fore part of the day, I was determined should help our merriment towards its termination; accordingly, decapitating his worship, I did the same with the woodcock, leaving cookey orders to get it ready at dad's usual supper-time, and surprise him with what he would consider a bon bouche. "Now, you rogues," cried I to the girls, "to work, to work, and sew the woodcock's head on Mr. Gravity's brown body."* Woodcocks are no garle, and only promised to send Amelia Louisa Spitfire GAME. The wenches have made a capital job of it, and I have packed all up, with Bounce's letter to Amelia, which entre nous could not help peeping at: "not fair," I hear you exclaim; P'shaw, nonsense, give him leave to serve me the same, when he has an opportunity-a delicate epistle, I assure you, Dilly; if we did not know Ma'am, might sup-

^{*} This transaction occurred prior to Mr. Percival's new bill for making wirds of passage game,

pose her as immaculate as the lady of Loretto; what a pity it is such a charming creature can't read! No, Amelia Louisa Spitfire can't read—never mind; she'll find some charitable friend that perhaps can. Bob tells his deary by no means to draw the woodcock, as the pheasant and partridges are to be served; but to roast it with the trail, putting a toast under, as usual, to catch the vent—blessings on us, what an elegant Pic Nic will be served up.

Apropos—should you pop on Amelia, in the flesh-market at Covent Garden, or Old Drury, take occasion to enquire if Bob has sent her any game—the loquacious mawkes will out with all, to shew her ignorant consequence; and let's hear the sequel of Mr. Ow Ow Ow—If the hoax should be winded, it will be easy for you to d—n the porters at the inn for rascals, that once served you a similar trick, with a present sent out of Norfolk.

Blind, bruised, and maimed, Bob gave me to understand as he went to bed, he did not think he should be able to follow the sport on the morrow: lamenting his misfortunes, I told him, as that was likely to be the case, I would pass the day with Hawthorn at his farm, and return to meet him at dinner.—Left dad's in the

evening; took a corner in Hawthorn's gig. and passed a pleasant day with him at his farm; returning to promise, Hawthorn spied Bounce in custody of a mob of countrymen, with farmer Snarl leading them to the justice's: enquired the cause; heard Bob had been seen picking up the sucking-pig he killed the day before, which Hawthorn threw into the hedge; recollect he eyed the spot d-d hard; thought some mischief would come of it at the time; by persuasion got Snarl and his myrmidons into the next pot-house; treated them, and talked 'em over-was shewn the grunter, packed up in a small basket, ready to be sent by the first coach that passed for town, directed to-Amelia Louisa Spitfire-women will certainly bring Bounce to the drop. Satisfied Snarl, and called for plenty to glut the rabble; made Bob come down handsomely; may thank his stars Hawthorn is so well respected by his neighbours; leave the mob contented; desire Bounce to get in between us; gave us the particulars as we drove home: thought he'd take a turn after breakfast as he found himself somewhat better: strolled by accident to the turnip-field—thought it a pity the pig should be lost: put it in the hare-pocket of his shooting-jacket-wondered

any body could see him: a woodman at faggot-work in the coppice close by, watched him to the next hedge ale-house, then gave the alarm—the hue and cry raised—collared by the bump-kins—pig taken on him—Snarl sent for in the interim, and swears to his breed—cut the waist-band of his inexpressibles to prevent his escape—dragged along like a criminal—overtaken by Hawthorn's chaise; much obliged to us, and begs we'll not expose him at dad's; pass our words to keep it a profound secret—mum and no buzzing; adieu, till to-morrow,

Yours, &c.
MATTHEW MUSHROOM.

THURSDAY EVENING:

Dear Diddle,

We begin to have repeated proofs of Bounce's breeding, he has evidently studied the graces of Chesterfield; cleanliness in his dress and person, he is giving hourly instances of: at one moment out comes the breeches-ball and rubber, and a fresh face is given to the buckskins; next instant, the pocket case-comb smooths his sleek locks, no matter though at dinner-time;

then for the fork to pick his teeth with; innumerable are the elegant and tasteful gestures he presents us with: yawning, leaning both elbows on the table, and occupying two vacant chairs for his legs; perfection seems to have fallen to the lot of Bob. His sallies of wit, I am sorry to say, have been so often repeated. that the relish is gone-finds all deaf, and attempts to turn the conversation by hoping we shall have a good day's sport. As usual, Hawthorn gives us his company, and proposes the beat to his favorite wood; leave Bounce on the stile, who complains he's footsore, while we ramble across a couple of fields to see a clover-rick Hawthorn is about to purchase; loiter some time guessing the quantity; differ with Hawthorn about its value; undertake to measure it, begin-suddenly alarmed by Bob roaring for mercy; hurry off with Hawthorn to the spot where the noise proceeds from - find Bob roughly handled by Squire Booby and his keeper, for poaching in the squire's wood-detected by them taking a hare out of a wire, found upon him: his nose almost double its usual length, from the squire's pinching; the buckskins cursedly soiled where they cover the seat of honor; squire's foot all over dirt-good job for the breeches-ball and

rubber; his gun taken from him, in possession of the keeper; Booby makes a strange blustering-beg to hear our friend's story-Audi alteram partem-Booby consents:- "You know gem'em," says Bounce, "when you left me, I complained of being wrung in the feet,"-" Ave," cries the squire, interrupting him, "you be wrung in the nose too-ah! ah! ah!" "I was wrung in the feet," rejoined Bob, "and stopped to rest myself, when I heard a child crying very loud, aunt, aunt, aunt, imagining the infant was drowning, or had lost its way, I ran to the spot where I thought the noise came from; when I reached this place, the voice ceased, and as I was looking about, thinking the little one might be near, I kicked my foot against that there," (pointing to a puss, that the squire was holding out). "Yes, and you put that there into your pocket, with the slices of turnips * you picked up, for fear of the gins being seen :"_" I meant to eat the turnips as I was very droughty,"_here Hawthorn interposed, and begged the squire's patience; assuring him his friend, who was a Londoner,

^{*} It is customary with poachers where they set snares, to throw a piece of turnip down; by which means they can with ease find their wires that have not bit: the quantity of couch grass and bramble in under-wood generally hiding the gins.

had never heard a hare in the agony of death before, and certainly stood excused; as he would vouch for him having intended, as he said, an act of humanity in assisting the distressed-"Well, well," cries Booby, " if so be the case, I shall claim the gentleman's pardon, and return him his piece; but can't suffer any stranger, Master Hawthorn, to sport on my manor: nevertheless, as the day's warm, suppose you all come down with me to the lodge, and take your beaver. Bounce complains bitterly of chafing; observe the mark of the squire's toe very plain, between wind and water; reach the mansion; swallow some good home-brewed of the squire's. Bob gets intimate with the keeper, wants to purchase one of his pointers, can't spare it; but will take him to a friend in the next village that will part with one; squire gives the keeper leave to go with Bob, and begs he will keep the hare-hopes all's forgot, and shakes him by the hand; leave Bob with his fresh acquaintance, and return home with Hawthorn, past four o'clock, dinner on table, and no Bounce returned .- adieu.

Yours, &c.
Matthew Mushroom.

FRIDAY EVENING.

Dear Diddle.

For the first day since my arrival here, dined without my Jack Pudding-oh misericordia! misfortunes will attend the righteous-so they do on Bob; the storm gathers so fast on the poor devil, that one would really believe fortune ordained this a week to frolic with Bounce, instead of him sporting with the færa natura. In the evening the squire's game-keeper brought us word over, that Bob had been beset, and beaten most cruelly; that the apothecary had bled him and ordered him to bed, at the inn he was led to: it seems the keeper accompanied Bob, who on their way to the village where the pointer was to be disposed of, left him for a few minutes, to cross the road, where he saw two sportsmen trespassing, with intent to warn them off: unhappily for Bob, two poachers who were the men that had set the snares in the wood, where Bounce picked up the hare, he now had in his pocket; had watched him from the moment his officiousness caused him to encounter the squire and his man; and as these gentlemen are not always the most punctilious, they saluted Bounce with club-law, asking him

between every thump, if he could eat turnips; adding, they thought perhaps he might like a bit of mutton with them; then dragging the hare from his pocket, left him almost lifeless. The sudden manner of the attack, prevented his hallooing the keeper, who it appears had met Barker, and Black Jack, two noted poachers, in the road, after he returned from the party he had been in pursuit of; and observing they had something in a bag, was now convinced it must be the hare they had taken from Mr. Bounce; the description (when he came to himself,) that Bob gave of the men exactly agreed; requesting me to visit my friend, Booby's man took his leave.

Your letter, my dear Diddle, has just reached me: I read our family the description of Amelia Louisa Spitfire's party at supper_d_n me but I'd given five pounds to have seen the dear creature and cousin Staytape making wry faces, as they swallowed the breeches of the owl: Your toast after supper was a charming box of the ear for the sweet pair—delicate sensations to susceptible minds. How the devil did you keep from griuning? apropos, you lucky dog, you must be in high favor, to get invited after your bad behaviour—as you observe, it

was the pride of the cat to let you witness her ostentation; there's some apology for splendid poverty, but curse beggarly pride: if she comes down, as you intimate, to the next village to meet Bounce, I am afraid we shall have some cap clawing: as I perceived in my visit to him this morning, he has a fresh wife-no other than a Miss Mary Mahogany, who by assiduous attention to Bob yesterday, appears to have crept into his heart. He darlings her, a la York, and paws and slabbers his caresses sufficient to surfeit a looker on; and what other person should this amiable creature be, than the turned-off trull of one of our north-road coachmen; with a face partly brown, and partly red; ferret-eyes, high cheek-bones, and here and there cadaverous, bruised patches of flesh, resembling dirty green, with interstices of large swoln black veins_a very antidote to love; added to all these, a hollow sepulchral tone of voice, such as would daunt a Jack Tar, after a voyage round the world. But Bounce is a lad of ton, and must not have his taste questioned: I think I hear you exclaiming, it's rather odd, Matty, that he who doats on Amelia Louisa Spitfire, should so soon become fickle; not at all dear Diddle, Bob will be

fashionable, and you know variety is charming. Was it not love lost a hero the conquest of the world? and shall it be said, Bob is proof against the enchanting smiles; I beg pardon, grins I meant to say, of the all adorable Molly Mahogany? Well! all nature undergoes a revolution; time will bring chaos; and so the world merrily wags. Promised to give Bounce a call as I returned in the evening from the Rev. Dr. Puddingsides, who has engaged me to dine with him off a sucking-pig, which he has humanely wipt to death, that it may eat tender.—Adieu till my next.

Yours, &c.
Matthew Mushroom.

P. S. Just before the post sets out have time enough to give you the landlord's account of Bounce, who crept out in the afternoon, finding himself better, to procure a head of game or so, for supper, for himself and Mahogany: three fields from the village, shot into a stray covey of cocks and hens, belonging to the widows of Woodside—bagged a couple; one stone dead, t'other only stunned. An old woman from the stile, in a red cloak, who had lost her way, holding up her crutch to beckon

him, set him off-bolted like a dunghill-bred: conscience makes cowards of us all_takes her for the owner of the stray biddies: dashes through the next hedge, no sooner through than pursued by farmer Grumbles black bull-just in time reaches some empty hay-carts in Brown's barton-jumps into one, and saves his bacon. Village up in arms; arrive myself in the nick of time; clodpoles, and boys hallooing and laughing at Bob's misery, who looks like one of the profession preparing for the pillory; or a methodist parson crying for the sins of his congregation; roars louder than the bull: Ploughshare drives off the animal; help Bob down, who has cut his shins woefully; walk in with him to the Cross Keys, where Miss Mahogany bathes his legs with brandy; pitied by the widow of Woodside, who had been marketing up the village, and followed us into the parlour to administer Fryar's balsam to the gentleman's leg. During the operation, the stunned fowl hearing the widow's voice, leaps on the table from Bounce's pocket; a fresh commotion; dame's favorite pullet! calls him all but gentleman; tells a rhodomantade tale of buying it of a taylor he met coming from work. Widow snatches up her property, wonders such fellows are not sent to the county-jail; for her part is certain she has seen him before—believes it was staring through the pillory: cautions the landlord to look sharp; stamps and threatens his neck with a halter—can't pacify old nose-and-chin—tip her a dollar, wish her a good walk. Promise to bring Hawthorn with me to-morrow, to give Bob the last day's sport home with him—havn't said a word about Amelia coming down to-morrow—fine fun; hope to see it all—adieu again.

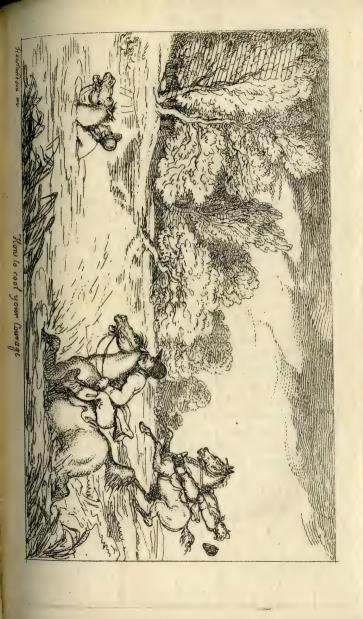
Yours, &c.
MATTHEW MUSHROOM.

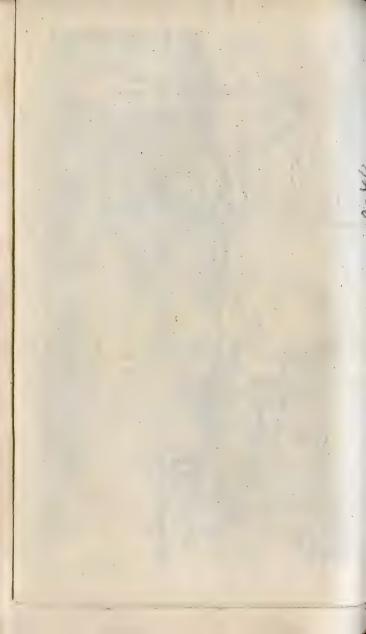
SATURDAY EVENING.

Ever memorable be this day, my dear Diddle: "tell not the transactions of it in Gath; publish it not elsewhere, &c. &c."

Sauntering down the village with Hawthorn, I had the honour of greeting the accomplished Amelia Louisa Spitsire, who had just descended the steps of the London coach and bestowed on its driver a smart impression of her delicate paw; all for a coarse remark that gentleman made, for non-compliance with an exorbitant demand.

With assumed gravity I hinted at some trifling accident Bounce had met with, that compelled him to take up his abode in the village, instead of being at father's-supposed she had come down for amusement, &c.; all of which she simpered assent to; beg of us to conduct her to his inn, which a few minutes' walk brought us to_informed by the landlord Mr. Bounce had strayed up the path for a morning's walk, to see the hay-makers getting up the after-grass_sly dog, not a word about his companion miss Mahogany. Amelia Louisa Spitfire doats on the country; reminds her of early days; loves a rural life vastly; sweet creatures the cows are; delightful breaths; never shall forget a favorite calf she had, very like a sheriff of Loodon in the face: supposes Mr. Hawthorn always lives in the country; should be happy to see him when he strolls to London; Mr. Mushroom can bring him in his hand; Amelia runs to the hedge to gather a woodbine; spies Bounce on the other side, walking with Molly Mahogany; his arm round her waist; darts like Jove's eagle upon them; strikes Bob dumb; extends her feet to each side the path, and sticks her arms a kimbo, with "well ma'am, pray who are you?" Molly retorts; marry come up, ma'am; no more





a wretch than yourself, has as good clothes as any fine lady, don't care a rush for her: Bob alarmed, steps between the heroines, to prevent accidents; pops his head on one side to avoid a blow from Amelia which miss Mahogany receives full in her face; who immediately returns Bob's deary a back handed broadside, claret flies from Amelia's nose and mouth; Hawthorn and self interfere to prevent consequences: brown Molly strips, calls the other strumpet: dares her to combat; pacify Molly by telling her it will be a village-talk, and lets herself down; while Hawthorn whispers Amelia that Molly is beneath a gentlewoman's notice; no pacifying brown Moll, who doffs her stays; swears she'll give ma'am a drubbing; all Bob and myself can do to hold her; the country wags in the hayfield hearing a'row, join the scene; two to one brown Moll against muslin ma'am, cry the louts. Bounce desires e'm to go about their business; quiz him about preaching to the bull yesterday from the hay-cart, roar like that animal, and put up their fingers to imitate the horns of the beast; take it for granted they mean he's a cuckold; cast their coarse jokes upon Hawthorn supplanting him; Bob supposes someboby has set 'em on: Amelia Louisa Spitsire drawn gradually

bumper; Bounce smokes all, but mum for fear of the gravy in his face; begin to be comfortable over the bottle; three gentlemen announced -enter the room rather abruptly-Mr. Snatch a brother-lawyer, of Mr. Bounce's acquaintance, and two friends. Touch'em and Catchpole: brought down a joint warrant of attorney, given by Robert Bounce, esquire, and Mrs. Amelia Louisa Spitfire: a mere trifle, supposes his friend Bounce is in high feather: mum the order of the day; cheer up the company myself, and propose the gentlemen taking their bottle with us-will do themselves the pleasure of taking a glass or so; but days begin to cut in; must be off if Mr. Bounce can't cancel the bond; only for two hundred and fifty; perhaps Mrs. Spitfire can; or the gentlemen present would undertake; gave 'em to understand I never interfere in family. concerns, and am sure friend Hawthorn don't understand law-matters; must excuse us: but insist on paying the dinner-bill; and call for the parting bottle with the items. Amelia wonders how they came to know they were in the country: all by accident Mr. Snatch assures them; was taking his breakfast at George and Blue Boar, when Mrs. Spitfire came to the coach office; enquired were she was to be set

down, knew Bounce could not be far off: found it was within Middlesex; ordered a one-horse chaise, while he fetched Touch'em and Catchpole-did not like to expose Bob to fresh officers, knowing he always locked up with Touch'em in Warwick-court-thought you had done us my master, when you and ma'am left your lodgings; but the day gets late, must beg to be excused staying any longer; got particular business by 6 o'clock at Judges' Chambers: Bob orders a post-chaise, Mr. Snatch'em hands in Amelia Louisa Spitfire, and takes a corner with 'em; orders the post-boy to drive to Holborn : Mr. Touch'em and his friend keen on gently, behind the chaise: laughing heartily at the week's sport, and cheek by jowl jog home with Hawthorn-

Sic transit Gloria mundi."

Yours, &c.
Matthew Mushroom.

CHAP, III.

COSTUME OF SPORTSMEN.

THE custom newly adopted by the gentlemen of wearing whole-legged leather gaiters, is a self-evident proof how fast the fashion of imitating sportsmen is gaining ground: they have a rough, manly, country-appearance, and certainly possesses the passing spectators with an idea that you are a shot; besides this, they are convenient to the highest degree; they preserve the stockings, and should you be invited by the lord mayor, or the East India company to a grand dinner_what a credit it is to be seen with clean silk stockings, entering the great room of the London tavern, or the Egyptian hall of the Mansion house: here then the gentleman is to be seen at once, from the convenience of the costume of a sportsman. Boots? boots are a boar, in the winter season, and quite out of ton during the shooting months; every thing has its proper use, and boots are certainly fit to be worn by gentlemen during the epoch for racing; those hot sultry months of June, July, and August are proper periods for appearing in them; the good old Spanish proverb is verified by wearing them at such times: what, says the Iberians, will keep the cold out, will keep the heat out.

Appearances are certainly to be studied in dressing for field sports; consistency is ever admirable, for this reason it is, that under the ancient regime of France, as we are informed by Zimmerman, it was always customary for Parisian sportsmen, who used to take a day's diversion in the frog shooting season to dress a la mode. I have seen, says that gentleman, four sportsmen leaving Parisin a fiacre, with their heads dressed in the newest stile; jackets a la chasse, and jack-boots capable of containing all they killed in the excursion.

This method I am happy to perceive is gaining ground among many of my friends, the city-sportsmen. Mr. Crambo of Pudding-lane was a strict adherent to the French method; an absolute bigot, who overrated their ways when he related any particular manner of dress neces-

sary for a sportsman, he usually brought it in with-that is just as we dress in Paris: unfortunately Mr. Crambo followed the fashions of that city to his cost. It was on one of those dewy mornings in October, that Mr. Crambo had made an immoderate slaughter among the oak-boughs, in the covers of ----and was taking his last shot, when from the damp of the morning his gun burnt prime, and instead of blowing his bird to pieces, he blew all the skin from his own head; the cause it seems rested with himself, and his prejudice for French customs: it appeared on investigation. that he slept the preceding night at --- (that he might be early on his ground,) and having risen an hour sooner than necessary, on purpose to prepare for the day; the shaver who attended him, being ordered the night before to bring with him scented hair-powder, and not flour, had, unfortunately, none by him, seldom or ever having occasion for any, as his countrycustomers were generally of that order who follow the plough, &c .- puzzled for the want of the article-it occurred to him that while shaving the vicar of the village, the day before, he had seen him put up some powder in a paper, which he left carelessly on his dressingtable: to the vicarage Mr. Tonsor repaired, where begging pardon for the trouble, requested his reverence would let him fetch a favorite razor he wished to set, and had left behind in the dressing-closet—" yes, to be sure, Scrape," cries the vicar; " and gives James a noggon of ale, Dolly," added the good humoured man: haste occasioned him to use expedition, and putting a few handsful of what he supposed hair-powder into his bag, he returned like lightning to take off his reverence's ale.

Now it turned out a friend of the vicar's, a celebrated chemist, had made him a present of some new invented gunpowder; which he reported to be stronger and finer in the granulation than any hitherto made, and for which he intended procuring a patent, and had sent the vicar a specimen for a trial and his opinion. With this inflammable matter did the barber array Mr. Crambo, whose head, to resemble the Paris beau, always bore a strong affinity to a wellblown cauliflower. Taking an over cautious aim at his last bird, he threw his cheek close on the stock of his gun, his hair, frizzed out to an immoderate length, took fire from the burnt priming, and instead of his piece exploding at the muzzle, his hat flew off at a right angle, while his nose, lips, scalp and skin made in all directions. In this lamentable state, from predilection for French manners, was Mr. Crambo found wandering in a wheat stubble by his companion, who humanely led him to the surgeon of the village in his second childhood—sans eyes, sans nose, sans teeth, sans every thing.

Thus is it likely, and may it be the fate of every Englishman, who introduces French manners in preference to our good old English customs, to receive as the reward, All that may make life miserable.

COSTUME.

Gentlemen retiring into the country, who are determined on passing the remainder of their days in rural sports, will do well to maintain by their appearance a proper distinction from the country-bred squires. For this purpose, it will be necessary for them, when they appear abroad, to avoid dressing like gamekeepers in fustian jackets, slouched hats, and water proof

boots; particularly when following their fa-

Mr. Snipcloth, the piece-broker, of Bedaford Bury, was an example worthy of imitation; when on a shooting party he always wore a long skirted scarlet coat, pea green waist-coat, white small clothes, with black silk stockings, pumps, and cocked hat, a la militaire. This dress has many advantages, being cool and comfortable for the hot sultry days of September, and alike convenient for your servants to know you by at a distance, should you be wanted in haste, or have any dispatches to read and answer from your friends, the minister, or the lords of the treasury.

Light shoes or pumps are particularly calculated for walking over ploughed lands; the clods of earth adhering to the bottoms of your feet, after wet weather, are quite heavy enough, without incumbering yourself with lumbering boots or high-lows. Black silk stockings will be found equally advantageous should you happen to beat through marshy grounds, or eap into a slough_where by chance you may leave your pumps behind_the soil and mud will bear a sportsman-like contrast to the stockings

which, from their colour, have the effect of boots, without their inconvenience and weight.

Cocked-hats are uniformly worn by gentlemen who have passed their early hours on a shop-board. I do not think the military stile so well adapted for field sports, as the old-fashion little-snug-cock, with a low crown, and an elevated back-flap: gentlemen will do well to have their hats full as wide again in circumference as their heads, by which means it will traverse, and be as useful as a mariner's vane, directing, as sportsmen, which way you are to hunt your dogs, and pointing continually to the flight of the game, as partridges are always observed to take with the wind.

Judge —, who was a great sportsman, was very attentive to costume, and so great a lover of propriety and appearance, that I do not think, on any occasion, he was ever seen beating for game, without his full-bottomed wig and cocked-hat—his gown, &c. he would observe, rather impeded his progress, and for this excellent reason would leave them at home: but without his black skull-cap, usually put on before he passed sentence on condemned criminals, he was never known to stir out. There

is a vast consequence in all that appertains to hocus pocus, in the little etcetera's of conjuration: the fate of mortals has often hung upon the contents of the cap; and why should not the lives of the more insignificant species, the partridge, hare, and pheasant, like man, depend on the interpretation of an act of parliament, or the craving appetite of hungry justice.

Without the little cap, his worship never attempted a day's sport: he put it in his pocket as regularly as he slung his shot-belt over his shoulder; and when the pointers made their stand at the covey, he would deliberately halt, and tying on the black cap, by way of pronouncing judgment on the feathered tribe, proceed to slaughter all that came in his way: but somehow or other it so turned out, that his executors, after his decease, on examining his records, found he had hung more mortals in one sessions, than he had killed heads of game during a sporting life of three-score years.

I think it exceeding consistent that city sportsmen should have their dogs following them, at all times; what matters though they might be on business, it bespeaks attachment from those grateful animals: for instance, would it not be attended with vast advantages in protecting the persons and pockets of younger clerks to bankers; clerks to merchants, who may have large sums entrusted with them for payment of duties; and a large etcetera of such gentlemen.

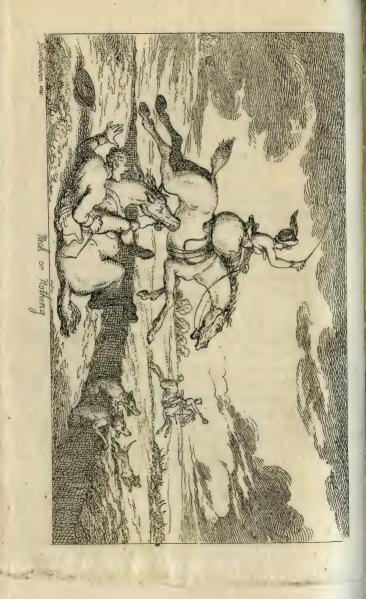
I would by no means, either, censure young sportsmen whose avocation leads them to town, from their papa's country-houses. at Stone's. end, Islington, or Somers-town, for bringing with them their pointers, or spaniels; its rather laudable, and will give their dogs wind and exercise; nor do I see cause for complaints from passengers, in Cheapside, when they are met by such sportsmen who have their dogs in couples, and sweep the pavement of all who are passing, by each taking the extent of his chain and keeping a proper space from one another: it is evidently the fault of the multitude; why not cross the way and avoid consequences they bring on themselves, by not walking on that path which is usually termed the keeping-up side, instead of blundering on the coming-down side? I do not, I say, pity such negligence, it meets its own reward, by finding their noses in contact with Scotch granite.

I must repeat, I would by no means have sportsmen leave their dogs behind them, at

their country residence; their utility is clearly ascertained, by supposing a brace of large, noble. Spanish pointers following a city-shotwell? as I before observed, they form various figures of Euclid, by demonstrating the loves of the angles,* and sweep all before them, clearing the way for passengers coming up behind, who have carefully kept on the proper side of the street. Is it not doing the duty of a constable by ridding the path of old women with their apple-stalls; barrow-wenches, and porters with loads on their heads, nuisances that inconvenience the public in every street, and at every other step. I would recommend an attention to costume, and have our city youths bedecked as Somerville describes his country lads, with belt and rusty couples, jingling by their sides: such appearances create a glow in the breasts of grown gentlemen, and apprentice lads, who sigh for field sports, and take the surest way of becoming good sportsmen, by making themselves good shots-I say they take the surest way; and what can be more certain or expeditious

^{*} For an elucidation of the angles, see the works of the Rt. Hon. George Canning, in imitation of "Dr. Darwin's loves of the plants."

than that of entering themselves in their different wards for riflle-men, to the division they reside in. My friend Mr. Snap, the adjutant to the - regt. of city volunteers, observed to me, during the months of August, Septem. ber, and part of October, he was distracted with applications from youths of his quarter. to enter as youghers, which at any other time of the year, would put up with being majors. captains, or lieutenants; and generally on enquiry found the cause to be, they wished to shoot well: thus you may see the excellence and service arising from emulation in becoming sportsmen. Much invective has crept into the daily journals, from laudable young citizens suffering their dogs to follow them to public offices: I see no cause for such complaint: it proves by their presence their masters have paid the tax on them, and they, honest creatures, with their contribution, help to support the nation-ergo, it may fairly be inferred, they have an equal right with their masters to visit such places, and watch hungry dogs and upstart puppies, receiving from, and not supporting our good and glorious constitution.



CHAP IV.

TO MARMADUKE MARKWELL, ESQ.

Sir,

If the following useful hints, for my brother sportsmen in Cockneyshire, are deserving of a place in your new publication, it will give peculiar pleasure to

Sir, your obedient Servant,
An old London Sportsman.

HINTS FOR THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

Gentlemen who would not waste their valuable time on so important a day, may be assured that there is no game in St. George's fields: those feathered animals, which may have been occasionally noted picking up kernels of corn, thrown out to them from the hovels in that neighbourhood, it should seem are not partridges, but birds of another species, and private property.

Having marked a covey of birds, it would be well to whistle your dogs out of way, lest they should be shot, as a gentleman cannot be sure of aiming to a few yards.

Young sportsmen may use blunderbusses with success as they spread the shot, and take in a wider field than other guns.

Pieces should always be primed and kept upon the full cock, particularly in passing through hedges, &c. as such works of labour take up much time and leave but little leisure for prepation afterwards.

N. B. Priming will be of no use upon such an occasion, unless the gun be loaded at the same time.

Dogs that bark are the best for partridge shooting, as they furnish an opportunity of seeing the game, a long while before the gentleman comes at it, and gives plenty of time to get things ready.

In a very dark night there is no taking aim, otherwise than by ear; game at such a time make an unusual hooting noise, and are much upon the wing. Wild fowl are also noisy.

The frequent loading after every flash in the pan is improper, as by these means the gun may get filled with powder and shot to the muzzle, before its discharged; on the other hand there is no trusting to the goodness of a flint, or the openness of a touch-hole, if there be no powder in the pan.

The custom of shooting a little to windward of the birds, on a boisterous day, is much in use among scafaring gentlemen, but it is not to be depended upon.

It is not altogether safe for a large party of gentlemen to surround a hedge where there may be game, and fire all at once, particularly if any of them load with ball.

PARTRIDGE SHOOTING.

Those partridges that perch upon oak trees and build in high elms, are not esteemed of so good a flavour as others.

The surest way of killing is that of putting the muzzle of the gun close to the head of the bird; besides, it preserves the body much better for eating.

Knocking birds down with the but end of your piece, after having failed in your aim, is a very unsportsman-like act, and not often attended with success.

The usual practice of shutting both eyes, for fear of the flash in the pan, is very much against taking a good aim.

But, for aiming true it would be presumption in a professed London sportsman to give any rules: gentlemen having got their guns in their hands must do as well as they can.

Marmaduke Markwell, considers the hints of an Old London Sportsman, of the highest import, and returns him thanks for the communication, which he has inserted in the most conspicuous manner, in his new essay on Shooting, &c.

HINTS, ADMONITIONS, ADVICE, AND RECOMMENDATIONS.

Avoid any acquaintance or familiarity with gamekeepers; they will inevitably pluck you as they would a partridge, if in their power.

If gentlemen are informed against for an infringement of the game laws, they may thank themselves for keeping company with the afore-said personages.

In return for the officiousness of keepers who have so acted towards you, you will do well to engage a professed boxer to become your marker, on the next visit you propose to the manor of such fellows, whom you will be sure of meeting again, when you will do well to introduce your friend Mr. Cribb, Dutch Sam, or the more finished gentleman bruiser, Mr. Gulley, to his notice; it will be easy to kick up a row, and in return, get your friend to pay off the grudge.

Should a fawning game-keeper thrust himself into your company, and it be towards evening when yourself and friends are refreshing from the day's fatigue over your port or claret, a well administered dose of laudanum infused into his wine, will give him a comfortable nap for a few days, and prevent any interruption to your future sport.

Should game be scanty where you shoot, you may easily supply appearances, by filling the pockets with mushrooms, sucking pigs, geese, or Dutch pheasants, vulgarly called barn-door fowls; at any rate make up a load to walk home with, it will look sportsman like, and

please your spouse, who no doubt has a right to expect a little indulgence, as she permits you to take your pleasure, whilst she attends the customers; beside, all sportsmen ought to be proud of pleasing the fair sex.—N.B. If you should shoot a head of game by any accident, put it into the net-bag that hangs by your side, it will appear you have had a dashing day's sport, not having room in your jacket for the last bird you have killed.

Should gentlemen be informed of a hare in form, and wish to shoot it setting, they will do well to pull out their opera glass, or Dollond's telescope, and reconnoitre before they beat the field: Spectacles are very necessary to be used, though the game should be within three yards of you; accidents have happened to Cockneyshire gentlemen, who, though very attentive to fix their eyes upon a hare in form, have mistaken a piece of horse dung, or a clod of earth for such, and blown it to shatters. In walking forward, all ready to present and fire, I have known gentlemen tread upon the animal they looked for, whose elastic spring has inevitably brought them to the ground.

Mr. Cutcaper, the dancing-master, though exceeding careful on a similar occasion, treading

only upon his toes for fear of springing the game, met with such an accident, which brought him to a level by his feet tripping from under him forward, and occasioned a contusion in his skull, for which, poor gentleman, he underwent the trepan, and became an incurable inhabitant of St. Lukes, where he wanders harmlessly about, crying to all that he meets—"So-ho, take heed, good dog, there she sets: a melancholy event for sporting records.

Gentlemen may if they please, should they ever see a hare in seat, follow the example of Mr. Twang, who, invariably after he had the puss pointed out to him, fell upon one knee, then pulling off his hat put it by his side, prepare for the deadly discharge; but alas, all these cautions seldom availed him, as a sharp-eyed long-legged vagabond of a bumkin he generally admitted into his company, with a vulgarity peculiar to himself, would knock up the animal, while Mr. Twang was preparing: the consequence of this behaviour was as might be expected, that he discharged this blackguard from his friend-ships.

To make up a day's diversion, should a flock of pigeons pass over your head, it will be the

extreme of negligence to omit firing into them; gentlemen may shut their eyes on this occasion, and yet be sure of loading themselves: it will be equally an easy shot if they should fall in with the samebirds, quietly roosting in the thatch of a barn or farm house, there is no occasion to the proprietor or farmer, though he may be looking on; should the wadding set fire to the thatch, you will have an opportunity of running away by the light.

Excuses for missing your aim will always be admitted; allowances resulting from youth and inexperience may universally be pleaded, and will meet with an apology from every sportsman or liberal minded gentleman, of whom let us hope our gentle readers are composed.

CHAP. V.

CROSS SHOOTING.

TO take our companions' shot in the field is exceedingly unfair, it is what few gentlemen will be guilty of: for instance, my friend Mr. Slouch, would, if on the left-hand of his companion, rather club his piece than fire at a bird bearing right of the covey, but deliberately take the outside one towards him; or should a single bird only rise, wait the issue of his friend's luck, and then perhaps he might pull, but this cannot be deemed a cross shot; various are the little bickerings occasioned by gentlemen from the city part of the metropolis, not cautiously judging these matters. Now among the high political characters at the west-end of the town, we have daily occurrences of cross shooting: indeed it forms a part of the duty of those gentlemen to thwart each other on every oceasion; though a vast deal of judgment is

required to conceal their levelling at the object -in sober, sincere garb of good fellowship, you will see honest citizens continually shaking of hands-here no guile attaches, it is only a well meant flash in the pan. To procure a commission, or a shipping order, it may certainly be deemed a cross shot; but a harmless one, as for intance: 66 Mr. Boar did not know Capt. Shallow had been applied to before: but hopes he has not given his promise to take all his order of Mr. Squeezem-at any rate can supply 201, per cent cheaper, and 501, per cent better than that old hum-drum:" these latter observations constitute a cross shot; but in paliation it may offered that Mr. Boar and Mr. Squeezem are by no means friends, and never companions in any of their sports! Hence arise those rapid shots that are made by the sportsmen of the north, who far exceed the London-bred citizen: they know of no friendship except their own interest; nor will they allow any circumstance, or friend, to stand in their way while shooting, if such there be fool-hardy enough to attempt it; its a chance, if he has any brains, but they will be soon blown out. The exertion they make in the field to bag game is exemplary, not exempting even a brother

in their friendship, until he has shot his way to the same class in society as themselves; this I beg to illustrate by an anecdote that occurred a short time since.

" A celebrated mercantile house in the city, who had considerably over-shot the mark, was called upon by the lords of the treasury to bring their books for inspection. Their first clerk, the gentleman alluded to, a clear-headed North Briton, was deputed to attend and explain their contents. The books being weighty. and the day pouring with rain, the younger brother of their head clerk, who had recently arrived in London, and by the interest of his relative, was engaged as porter to the same firm, was dispatched for a hackney-coach, into which the books and the elder brother were oon placed. A partner of the house, who had given directions to this gentleman, observed, as it would be necessary to have his brother with him, for assistance, he might as well get inside the coach, as the day was so excessive wet: to which the elder replied, " never heed it mon, get up behind Sandy, get up behind lad_you mun ken your place, boy; when you get to the desk, you shall gang wi me in the coach."

To return to the neighbourhood of St. Ste. vens .- I say the method of cross shooting in this part differs widely from the manner of taking aim in the city; a sudden impulse will sometimes seize these sportsmen,-to wheedle, lye, fawn, flatter, and promise-its then you may take it for granted they have game in their view, and mean a cross shot-perhaps at your. self, your reputation, your wife, or your daughter; nay, should you arrive at the distinguished honour of an embrace from a great man-it may be for a shot at your ----, or your honor; at any rate be assured you are mortally wounded. though at the instant, you have not felt the charge; beside this method of shooting, it has so happened, when great men have fixed cross shots at the same object, it has brought the party to life-this might appear paradoxical, if the following circumstance of cross shooting had not occurred:

"Lord S—, to vex the late Mr. Pitt, levelled his daughter at a Mr. Taylor an apothecary, and hit his mark by marrying her to a most respectable character. Mr. Pitt, understanding his niece had made choice of a worthy man, let fly a cross shot in the shape of a sinecure of 2000l. per annum, at Mr. Taylor, and hit him

just below the hip, in the right-hand pocket." Thus may every cross shot tend to the welfare of our future life.

Professional gentlemen are frequently in the habit of making cross shots, particularly young practitioners b fore they have their knuckles rapped, or their blood drawn. The following anecdote occurred a short time since in the medical world, and gave rise to much sport.

" A pair of Med. Doc.'s quarrelled so seriously, about a patient's case, as rashly to proceed to the last extremity, by one of them prescribing a dose of powder and ball, to be administered by each to the other; and his opponent, equally desperate, sanctioning this deadly prescription with his probatum est. Both prepared themselves for the awful meeting by diuretics, antisudorifics, &c. quant. suff.: but the evening before the intended rendezvous, Dr. - wrote a note to his antagonist, informing him, that 'Although both might be well prepared bodily, for the mortal conflict, they had each a precious immaterial part within them that stood in need of a spiritual emollient, as a preparatory to its departure for another world; and therefore humbly proposed that their mutual friend, the Rev. Mr. ---, might be called in as physician general to the soul, in a time of so much need.' This being readily acceeded to, the Rev. gentleman was no sooner made acquainted with the nature of their nervous complaint, than he prudently imparted it to their respective wives; and by thus clapping a sharp blister on each of their backs, he effectually cured them both of their sanguinary disorder.''

vears kept the Bush-inn tavern, in Bristol, made a singular, but effective cross shot, on the manor of a celebrated nobleman in the vicinity of his residence. The liberality of Weeks' heart had for a length of time become proverbial in that metropolis; for to any request within his power and means to oblige, no gentleman was ever known to meet, on application, a disappointment; famed, as I observe, for his goodness of heart, he foolishly imagined that liberality was the predominant passion that governed the soul of what is technically called, British NOBLEMEN.

I must allow from GENTLEMEN, honest Jack used to observe, I never knew what a denial was, nor was it right he ever should; for any obligation he ever received, his grati-

tude scarcely ever thought he could make a suitable return: in the turtle season, and at periods when fish was scarce, and deemed a luxury at the tables of even the great, he was ever foremost to suppy every application made to him: and to enhance the favor, in proportion to the high prices they would bring at such times, would deprive his own larder of the article to oblige an importunity; nor upon any occasion, unless by a previous stipulation, could he be prevailed upon to receive remuneration in return; scarce fruits and the choicest of wines, he was equally generous of withal: was it to such a man who once made the trifling request for a few head of game, and that on an emergency, to oblige others; that a nobleman, and his neighbour, could so far forget himself as to give a downright refusal. Yet, such was the case, in return for which, Mr. Weeks told him flatly to his face, that in a few months he should not possess a head of game on his Glostershire manor, and which threat he actually put in execution, by giving the poachers in his lordship's neighbourhood encouragement, that he would purchase a many of the hinder parts and backs of hares as could be brought him, the breasts, wings, and fleshy parts of feathered game, &c.: by thus evading the various acts of parliament, he avoided consequences, and procured a supply of what answered his purpose, for preserving, by means of potting, and for which his inn was justly famous. By this cross shot did Mr. Weeks in the course of a short period almost clear the manor of his lordship, who meanly condescended to beg a truce with this cosmopolite of the Bush tavern."

Anothor cross shot that Mr Weeks made at Mr. Garrow, the counsel, deserves a record: "The latter gentleman, on a trial where Mr. Weeks was a witness, shortly after he became a master, from being a servant of Mrs. W. Mr. G. endeavoured to invalidate his evidence, and when all his sarcasms failed, he cruelly demanded of Weeks if he could read or write,* to which he as truly replied he could not: the comments of Mr. G. on this occasion, were considered derogatory by even his brother barristers; while Weeks so far from har-

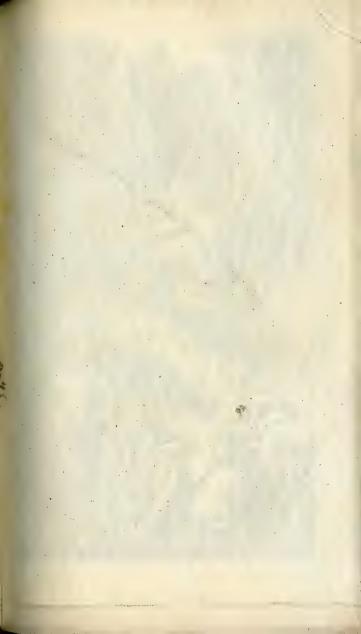
^{*} This invidious remark had the effect of pointing out to Mr. Weeks the necessity of acquiring a small portion of education, and in a few months he was enabled to return a suitable acknowledgement to the learned gentleman for reminding him of his wants.

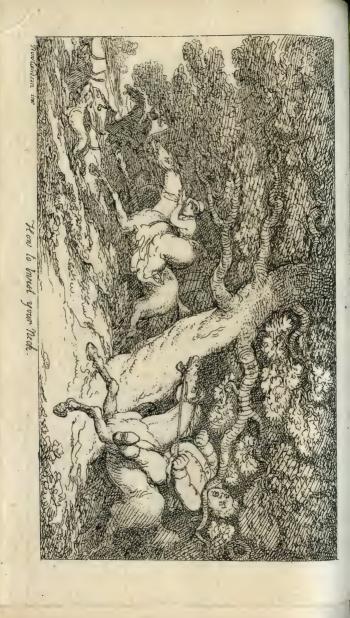
bouring a spirit of vindictive revenge, sent Mr. Garrow, shortly after, a handsome present of a buck and a turtle, hoping by such means, he observed, when chance should lead the unfortunate into his power, that mercy, the highest attribute of heaven, might temper his professional duties.

CHAP. VI.

GUNS, &c.

IT being the invariable rule of good shot to find out some little defects in their fowling. pieces towards the conclusion of a sporting season, particularly when game begins to get scarce, and that my acquaintance, Mr. Rich. Day, (whom I have before recommended to the notice of my sporting friends,) though a monopolist, can barely supply half the calls made upon him by gentlemen whose guns hang fire, and begin to lead or lump their shot; or, what is still more probable, from the perverseness of game, which will not lay to be shot at. Manifold are the chances, towards the end of the season, that tell against the best shots; even my friend Mr. Crambo would complain at this season, though generally considered an expert marksman, "that birds are not to be pulled





down as easy as they are in the beginning of When I have strolled with that September." gentleman, as his marker, at such periods, I have heard him often declare, after firing at his object, that he had hit him cursed hard, usually calling out to me, to mark how he had rumped him; "d-n him," says he, " but he must come down:" when appealing to me, would observe how the feathers flew-civility, I must allow, often tempted me to nod assent; though, on some occasions, I confessed what appeared to him feathers from the birds, was neither more nor less than the dung, or what we sportsmen call, technically and certainly more delicate in expression, the droppings * from the birds. This trifling difference of opinion never created any serious discord between us, which with more captious and less able shots, might have occasigned a breach between friends that time itself could never heal. The renowned Don Quixote certainly mistook windmills for giants, and sheep for armies, and might not the equally polished Mr. Crambo be allowed a little latitude for conjecture.

These evacuations from birds, after they are shot at, may be considered a mark of contempt for the skill of the sportsman.

From various causes, as I have before observed, fowling-pieces will decay with the season. Gentlemen nowbegin to find out the stocks of their guns are rather of the straightest. or too much bent, that the barrel inclines to the right, or to the left, by two or three hairs, breadth; and that it is top-heavy, and occasions them to shoot under their birds: a thousand other trifles occur, and reason dictates a visit to a new gun maker, who soon discovers fresh reasons for their pieces shooting amiss, and wonders they have hit a head of game during the season, the stock being so long, and the gentleman's arms so short, that to him it appears incredible how it could be brought to the shoulder, and as to bearing upon a bird. it were a matter of moonshine to attempt it.

A new one is now bespoke, with all the latest improvements: in giving your order, be particular, Messrs. Knock, Manton, or Clark, whichever is your favorite on this occasion, taking as exact a measure of you as if they were your tailor or shoe-maker, without which how is it possible gentlemen can be fitted to a nicety.

In handling the different specimens of new work that may be shewn to you, gentlemen will naturally throw them up to the shoulder, and try their strength of arm, and how it may lay for sight. In these experiments, it is very common to retreat a few steps backwards; in doing so, you will most assuredly throw a retrograde somerset over the barreliof a burst gun, placed as a scare-crow in a proper situation, for the intent of breaking your shins, or your crupper, in every reputable gun-maker's shop in the metropolis.

The accident that occasioned a pretty smart blow on your latter extremity, will infallibly raise the voice and apparent indignation of Mr. ---, who will loudly reprobate the carelessness of the shopman leaving such Birmingham rubbish in the way; from the word rub. bish, and the celebrated town of Birmingham being contemptibly articulated, your curiosity, as well as every gentleman who must admire London manufactured articles, is naturally raised to a pitch to examine what materials have occasioned such wrath and anger; when a bursted barrel of a gun is presented, warped in every possible form that angles or curves will produce; while Mr. - desires the foreman in future to keep such stuff out of the way. The

cheats of modern Scapin having now taken effect, you are soon favored by Mr. — expatiating on the accident that Timmy Shortmeasure met with from purchasing a countrymade fowling-piece.—" It were a thousand pities," added he, " that Mr. Shortmeasure should lose an arm by the carelessness of his gun-maker not having the tower proof. But"—observes, " if gentlemen will have countrywork, it is what they must expect.

I should suppose there is little occasion to caution gentlemen, after the serious effects produced from such a cause; nor would any sportsman be mad enough to purchase a *Brum*, as the town-dealers are pleased to term them; nevertheless I am credibly informed, that in spite of all prejudice, no gun is put together, but what is originally cast, twisted and treaded in the manufactories of that contemptible town of Birmingham.

I cannot avoid thinking but this remark brings the chapter within the scope of crossshooting; as it, however, forms Mr. Markwell's and my own observations on the choice, nature, and recommendation of fowling-pieces, I shall leave it where it stands, and my fickle friends to the recollection, that they in this instance are only metamorphised into a head of game, and a fair shot for honest tradesmen—

Nemo omnibus horis sapit

Opinions are much at variance respecting the method of laying the barrels of fowling-pieces in their stocks: to obviate all difficulties, and suit the multitude, gun-makers would do well to follow the advice of Mr. Markwell, who recommends double-barrel guns to have an oblique direction given to each extremity of the barrels, of about nine inches from the parallel of the rib, or the breech. Gentlemen having once taken an aim, may pull the trigger at their leisure; the shot by these means having a large latitude, will overtake the game within a moderate time. Single guns ought invariably to have an inclination given to them by means of a few acute angles; and an obtuse bend or two being indented on the barrel, it will then be easy to determine what course you intend to shoot in, whether rectangular, parabola, rectilineal, triangular, quadrangular, hexagonal, or octangular if you mean to destroy your birds by a tangent, or a cylindrical shot, or by the simple method of diagonal or quadrilateral firing, you may by these means ascertain, with the assistance of your mathematics, what point, circle, or angle, will best suit you to take aim in, and the problem will be solved, when you pick up the game you have KILLED.

Mr Markwell, who had a cast in each eye, and what the vulgar commonly denote squinting—possessed advantages of a superior nature over most mortals, by looking more ways than one; for this reason, his double-barrel guns were made with a variety of inclinations; one, as heretofore described, projecting at the muzzle to the right and left; some he had, the barrels of which traversed each other by means of a trevit at the extremities; occasionally pointing upwards or downwards, or horizontally, just as Mr. Markwell designed the position his eyes should revolve in for the day.

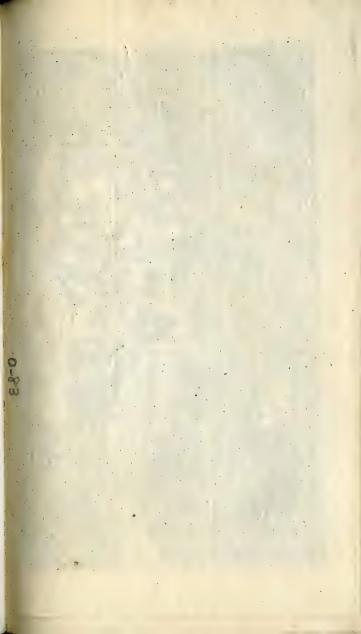
On one occasion, the recommendation of Mr. Markwell had well nigh proved fatal to his existence.—Dicky Softglove, a hosier's apprentice, of Cornhill, having supplied himself from the till of his master with the necessary means for bespeaking a gun against the Christmas week, gave particular directions for the same to be made on the angular principle. Possessing

this invaluable treasure, his first essay was in Battersea fields: observing a covey of chaffinches on a dunghill, he crept with caution to the farther side of a hay-rick that formed the section of a curve from the former, when, dreadful to relate, he discharged his piece, as he thought, according to the angles, to destroy the better part of the birds, instead of which, the shot continued revolving in a circle, and shot him in the posteriors, which had as naturally projected backward as his head had inclined forward whilst taking aim, the effect, as might be expected upon such a tremendous discharge, lodging all at once a posteriori, would impel any obstruction with velo-Thus fared it with Dicky, who was blown over the hay-stack in a second, and to compleat the misfortune, dislocated his neck.

The coroner's inquest on this, as on all occasions where premature death ensues, had it sagaciously pointed out to them what constituted felo de se, that the present case could not be deemed such, but was murder to all intents and purposes by a person or persons unknown, making patent guns, with which gentlemen could shoot themselves backwards; the consequence, as might naturally be expected, was, that war-

rants to apprehend all concerned were immediately issued.

Now, Mr. Markwell being the sole inventor of these angular pieces, was deemed an accessary; and as all accessaries are considered principals in murder, he was arraigned as such; but fortunately the ingenuity of his counsel suggested that it did not follow, that because he discovered a most useful invention, that the public was bound to use it. This judicious remark was assented to by the bench, and the invaluable life of our ingenious patron was preserved for future inventions.





CHAP. VII.

DOGS.

MR. MARKWELL observes, there are many classes of dogs totally unfit to sport with. For instance, as he observed to the author, what possible service can it be of to you, to sport with those sharp-scented dogs? The critics and reviewers, it's an hundred to one but they blow you out of your garret, Sir, into a cellar for your attempt. I hardly ever knew, continues he, the undertaking succeed-the action must be that of a madman. I recollect such attempts have been made by very great sportsmen, but with little success: it's true, Sterne would occasionally lash such dogs, but generally ended his correction with a-Ah, well!lack-a-day!_they are alike, all incorrigible. Cervantes would take another method, and that,

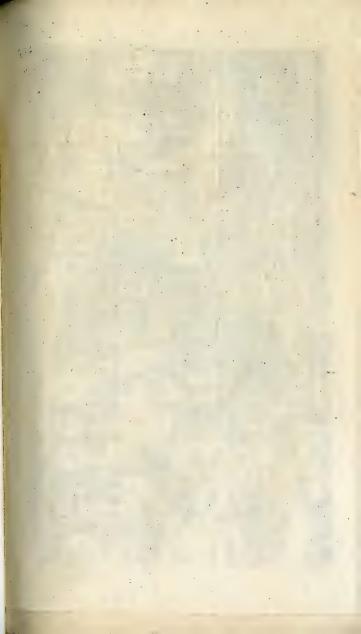
indeed, widely different from the first-mentioned of these sportsmen. He did, Sir, what they generally do-blow up all that is not passive obedience itself. Instead of a whip, he would take a long tin tube; and wherever he met one of these dogs, snarling or snapping, he as instantly seized it by the hinder legs, and holding it up, would apply one end of his instrument to its fundament, and with his lips at the other extremity, he would blow up the poor devil till he swelled like a bladder; when laying him on the pavement, and patting him with his hand on the side, would turn to the spectators, who generally gathered round, and were not a few, addressing them with-" Gentlemen, I suppose you think it an easy task to blow up a dog, and so it may be a common dog; but a dog of a critic, unless blown till you burst him, will assuredly bestow on you the bite, that neither cutting, caustic, or burning can cure. If I attempt it, may I be hanged: or rather, as Mr. T- expressed himself to his counsel, Mr. (now Lord E--) just before his trial came on for high treason, that he would plead his own cause :- " If you do," replied that gentleman, "you'll be hanged:" to which Mr. Treturned, " I'll be hanged if I do."

The different breed of dogs Mr. Markwell objects to, are those trained by early habits and propensities to obstinate courses, and have been too well fed. Physic, he observes, has no effect upon them: you cannot, either by cathartic or emetic, make them disgorge. For this reason, he would scout treasury grey-hounds, war-office spaniels, excise finders, custom-house lurchers, exchequer pointers, and a long race of such use-less animals.

London sportsmen cross the breed of their animals." His friend, Mr. Kill-finch, had an excellent breed for strength, occasionally crossing with his butcher's bull-dog, or his taylor's pug. Sometimes, indeed, when he was for a day's sport, his breed would quarrel on the road with such dogs as they met, and at other times with each other; so that half his time was lost in separating the disputants: nevertheless, they made ample amends when in the field; for if his fortune and good luck lamed a tom-tit, or winged a sparrow, one of their gentle bites prevented any possibility of escape. By this means he usually made up a bag.

Mr. Twang, who is partial to the polite profession of dog-breaking, &c. never objects to the breed, provided appearances are in their favor. "I hate your small pigmy race of sporting dogs," he would say; "I can get no gentlemen to look at such. Bring me lofty, tall-bred animals; I can shew these: no matter, if crossed by the Newfoundland or mastiff. The coat of the former may be managed by shaving and clipping, until I produce an elegant setter; and as for the latter breed, who shall, or can doubt its being a Spanish pointer, received from an officer at Gibraltar, by the last ship from thence, the Humbug, Capt. Fleeceall."

The Londonshire sportsmen will feel, with the author, no small degree of pleasure in hearing that Mr. Twang has already commenced a modern vocabulary of sporting terms; and as fair science is advertised to form its leading feature, we have hopes the lovers of the trigger will support the subscription which he has opened.—"Profit," says that gentleman in his proposals, like our eminent advertising physicians, is my last consideration. I wish to give a proud pre-eminence to my brother Cockneys, over the thread-bare technicals of game-keepers and rustics."—It then proceeds to elucidate his position, by teaching his new-invented gamut to all in your kennel, and then separately





to each dog. For instance, says the proposal:

"I skrewed Sancho tight, to make him keep time, instead of vulgarly telling a friend-

"That Sancho headed Doll, who was point-

ing, and that you rated him for it."

"Is it not shorter, and avoiding circumlocution; besides which, it has a musical reference; and as the Cockneys are Catalani mad, it will denote their taste, and the period of their musical hydrophobia.——Anno Dom. 1808."

These cross-bred, powerful dogs, will be found exceeding serviceable to Cockney gentlemen, should they ever venture to make a party in a grousing country. Such places are generally very poor, and if you meet with oatcake, or brown bread and water, after a fatiguing day's sport, it will be all you have a right to expect. Here, then, behold your fleet dogs in pursuit of mutton, which from instinct, in such wretched spots, they are led to pursue, and procure for their masters an excellent supper.

I recollect, some years since, passing an evening at Dollgelly, in North Wales, when a party of sportsmen (from London, I presume) returned from the mountain of Cader Idris, after a severe day's sport, loaded, to appearance, with grouse. It was natural for me to congratulate brother sportsmen upon well-filled jacket pockets, supposing they had bagged a few head of black game that are occasionally found in these parts, when, to my surprise, they asked me what sort of things them there was; and pulling out the mangled remains of some Welch sheep, declared they never had better sport in their lives. In this case, as in all other instances, the advantage of crossing the breed of sporting dogs is evidently conspicuous, procuring both sport and refreshment.

After a careful attention to the breed of your dogs, by crossing, and getting superior blood and strength, your next consideration will be that of a proper education. When you enter your puppies, do not be over fastidious about their immediately coming to perfection: it is not in the nature of things to expect it; from youth, time matures the whole creation.

Should you possess a young pointer, or setater, that will draw upon a dunghill-fowl, at what sportsmen call sight, esteem such a treasure; in course of time he will drop to field-mice, and crawl on his belly at the sight of a frog. Here are qualities that promise future.

delights. Mr. Stingo, who bred a number of this description, particularly of setters, would triumphantly exclaim-" The dog is fit for the field!"-And with such confidence anticipate his perfection, that nothing short of a ten pound note would purchase the idol. Young dogs running lewd, and driving up covey after covey, will save gentlemen a vast deal of trouble in quartering the ground; besides this, it is generally allowed that puppies may chase game, to give them a zest for the sport; and a thousand to one, if early in the season, by such encouragement, your young dogs will catch you more birds in a day, than an obstinate old pointer, that is steady, will during the season. Distance is no object, nor can any impediment baulk their fleet course. Now and then, to be sure, if you miss your favorite, it ought to create no sort of surprize, to find him suspended from the spiked gate of the squire's pleasure-ground, or garden. His loud cries will generally lead you to his assistance. On these occasions their usual ejaculation reverberates on the ear to the sound of-Cam-o-mile-Cam-omile-Cam-o-mile-sharply repeated. It is very usual for dogs to sing the same ditty, when sportstmen tie them up to a gate, and stretching

them out by one of the hinder legs, bestow a quant. suff. of a well wired wip about their loins. Mr. Fig of Cheapside, used to observe it was such music as was generally used by puppies instructed in the new game of his friend Twang.

A curious and uncommon instance of high breeding occurred to a gentleman of Bristol. who was training a whelp for the approaching season. He sprang a covey of partridges on Durdham downs, which taking wing, made a rapid flight and crossed the river Avon at Wallis's wall, to which spot the pride and promise of his kennel followed, where gallantly throwing himself over the parapet, he fell from rock to rock, until within fifty yards of the bottom, when he was miraculously saved, by pitching on the neck of a methodist parson who was harranging a set of murky miners; promising them and their families eternal damnation: never dismayed, Rapmade boldly across the stream and up the adjoining hill, where missing the covey, now out of sight; he pursued a stray rabbit to its burrow, where, unfortunately, the warrener with his piece lay perdue, and finished the life and courage of a first rate dog, by blowing him to attoms.

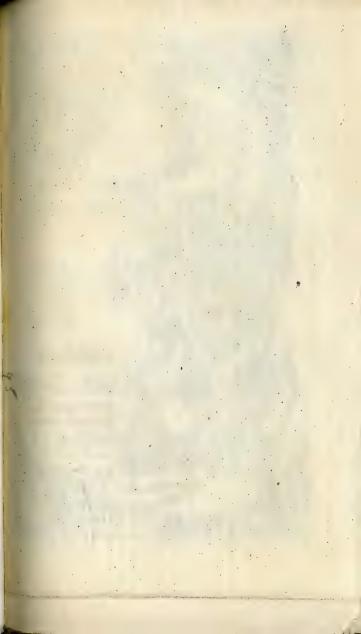
Such accidents may be expected from the courage of dogs so very high bred—still a consolation is left, that had he lived, you would have possessed something superior to most sportsmen.

Without courage in your breed of dogs, you cannot hope or expect success to crown the utmost exertions of the longest day's beat: there are many ways of tempering the high blood of your puppies, keepers have an old fashioned way of fastening a cart rope to their collars, and ticing a bush to the other end of the same, to check their speed; this may be very well for such dogs as such fellows breed and starve; and indeed. I am sorry to observe this is so generally the case, that it is a doubt when you meet a game-keeper, whether the animals with him are really dogs, or the anatomised skeletons of the species; for my own part, they generally appear in my sight, (and so Mr. Markwell observed) like the ghosts of departed dogs, and rather want the assistance of a haunch from the nackers, than a check to their speed. It is for this reason, and the innumerable humours attached to them, brought on by their poverty. I have before cautioned my friends from purchasing of game-keepers.

To return to my subject: as a preventitive for high couraged dogs overrunning their game, and breaking field, I would recommend gentlemen to fasten round their necks and bodies a tolerable jack chain. Mr. Tally-ho and Mr. Bounce who bred such dogs as were hardly to be ever matched, was obliged, in an addition to such appendage, to have recourse to two half hundred weights, which they usually suspended one from the neck and the other from the tail; by this method they generally brought the dogs to a stand-still, observing we baulk those flouishing flights that would otherwise ruin a good day's sport. I must acknowledge Mr. Tally-ho and Mr. Bounce went a great length, but what (thay used to say) can we do, if we did not bring some check upon our breed, there would be no possibility of following them, though we were to gallop our shooting ponies through. out the day. Gentlemen may try the experiment, though I should think, a tolerable weighty jack-chain, of about 30 or 40lbs. (avoirdupoise, as Mr. Fig's apprentice would say) might be nearly sufficient, and which, young sportsmen would do well always to carry with them in their side pockets.

The utility of the puzzle, or peg, as an as-

sistant in the breaking of your dogs, must be evident to every sportsman; it gives a finishing appearance to your pointers, who ought never, when loose, to be without one on his chaps: besides, it creates attention from the passing multitude; one person wonders what that there can be for, another passenger, with his spouse hanging on his arm, sagaciously desires his deary, to look at the dog with a spoon in his mouth: " bless me," cries she, " what use does the poor creature make of it;" a few seconds soon convince the lady of its importance: you naturally will whistle your loiterer. who perhaps has slunk behind, and no sooner hears his name articulated, than furiously driving along the path, finds no avenue open between the crowd, but dashing boldly between the legs of Mrs. Dripping, clears his way by aid of his puzzle, through her fine muslin gown and petticoat, and brings all a posteriori of the fair creature in salutation with the pavement. It is now the ejaculations of the gentle fair one are heaped on you and your favorite; nevertheless, a smart pace will soon rid you of the uncomfortable remarks of the disconsolate pair, and their wonder the use a dog can make of a spoon, will naturally be unriddled. I could dwell for some time on the necessity of this admirable instrument, but most of my readers have no doubt perused the works of Mr. Geoffrey Gambado, who has written very copiously on the convenience of the puzzle, alike for man, horse, and dog; and after such a fund of information and authority, little can be said that would throw a further light upon the subject.





CHAP. VIII.

SHARACTERS WORTHY OF IMITATION.

THE late Mr. Capper, who during the latter part of his life resided at the Horns, Kennington Common, might be deemed, though a very little man, a very great sportsman. Peace to the manes of my worthy friend, who was well known to many sons of the trigger, as well as myself. He was an ardent admirer of propriety in the costume of sportsmen, particularly that of cocked hats and pompadour coloured coats, both of which he wore himself, and universally recommended.

From the windows of his inn he could view gentlemen in all directions, when following the amusements of the field. The extensive range of country within compass of his glass, gave him opportunities of noticing the success of individuals, whether it was a bee or a butterfly they shot at, or an ox or an elephant they had

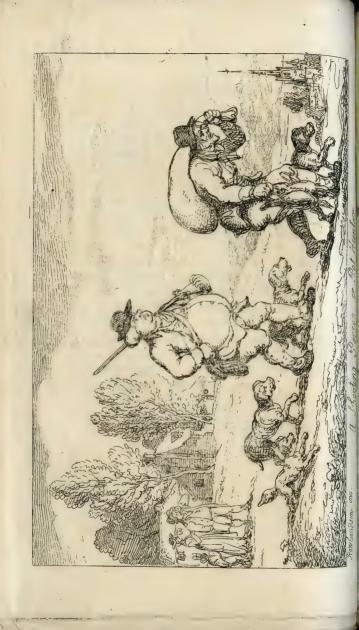
bagged.

Of a more elevated stile of shooting was this little great man determined upon; it was upon the total extinction of that race and rabble, Bonaparte and his myrmidons. Many a time and oft have I heard him with pleasure descant upon those scenes of action where our glorious commander in chief mored down whole ranks of Frenchmen at _____. Exalted to a pitch of frenzy, he would exclaim-" Why do not the British youth leave those effeminate sports which I observe them daily pursuing, and take up the laudable profession of arms?-If my time were to come over again, Sir," he would add, (addressing himself to me with earnestness) "I would help to extirpate the whole race of Frenchmen." Saying which, like a scientific billiard player with a mace, his gold-headed cane as a substitute for the same, (which, by the bye, was nearly as tall as himself) he would throw in a horizontal direction, pegging the first poor devil of a fly that came in his way, against the wall .- "It's thus and thus," repeating the stroke, and extirpating another of these ephemeral insects, "I would serve the whole race of rascals."-Enthusiasm in so glofious a cause wrought miraculously on this gentleman, that long ere the approaching sporting month arrived, scarce a fly was to be found for his future sport in all the noble mansion of Mr. Townsend.

My friend Mrs. Agincourt, who was a great sportswoman in the closet, was alike the late Mr. C-, an inveterate foe to Frenchmen. This may easily be conceived, when I inform my readers that herself and forefathers were lineally descended from the immortal stock of that brave and volatile champion of England, King Henry the Fifth, companion of the facetious, laughing Falstaff. Any recital Mr. Agincourt or his son Billy can make upon their sporting pastimes of the day, are usually treated with a contemptible sneer, and oftentimes with reproachful epithets, pointing out to them the facility with which her ancestors could bring down a Frenchman flying with their toxopholite weapons, the bow and arrow, or the usual method of spitting half a dozen of that nation for a morning's breakfast, on a ten foot pike.-"Often have I heard," would she say, "my grandfathers, mothers, brothers, aunts, sisters in law's husband, describe the youthful ardor of that keen sportsman, Harry Hotspur, when ordering

his gentle Kate to hold his fiery steed, while he skewered some score of that cowardly nation for amusement. "Bless me," she would say, invariably reciting her genealogy for a few centuries back, " what a difference exists in sports. men of the present hour, to those of my original race." Then describing the glorious sport of St. Crispin's day, on the plains of Agincourt, she would exult in her descendancy from the heralds and ancients of those twin luminaries, the gallant Henry and Hotspur, that Shakespeare has so emphatically described as stars shining in the same hemisphere. Record is still extant of those renowned heroes in the person of Mrs. Agincourt, who is not much above forty stone weight, a very substantial memento of the physical powers wherewith the race of Englishmen were then endowed.





CHAP. IX.

INITIATION—OF NOVICIATES—OR A
FIRST DAY'S SPORT.

ACCIDENTS often prove a great stimulative to emulation, and imperceptibly, from trifling circumstances, has the aspiring genius of man found out his forte: the dormant properties of military excellence must have example to fire its enthusiasm, or how should such effects burst upon the individual without a cause to raise its energy. It was by one of those accidents that the superior qualifications of my friend Mr. Twang, though a grown up gentleman, opened upon his numerous acquaintance: convenience having led a numerous train of sportsmen into a field adjoining the foot-path that leads to Kilburn wells, to determine a rivalship that existed between two parties, who were the best shots at a given number of pigeons; and Mr. Twang,

returning from his avocation of catgut scraping to the footsteps of young ladies and gentlemen, was induced, from the marvellous representations made before him, to witness this grand match. The scientific display of shooting flying. as naturally might be expected, at first astonished our hero; but like all wonders, when repeated, cease to produce their original effects. Among this motly group, Mr. Twang was soon recognised by one of those numerous and select friends, by whom he is so much respected; who insisted on the honour of instructing him in the art of shooting flying, if he would make the attempt: a presentiment in favour of this manly science appeared almost as instantaneous in the breast of Mr. Twang, whilst the success attending his first essay, proved a precocity, of which nature is giving us daily proofs.

With a manly preparation, the tall, atheletic Mr. Twang bore upon a fugitive bird that had escaped from the thunder of the marksmen at the trap, and, glorious to relate, though escaped beyond the boundaries prescribed for the match, he brought down his object, amidst the triumphant applauses of the cheering multitude—

[&]quot;There is a certain tide in the affairs of men, Which taken at the flood, leads on to fortune, &c. &c."

Auspicious moment, that thus crowned with success the first atchievement of my worthy friend—elate with applauses so justly bestowed—emulation fired his noble soul to produce subsequent events worthy of recording.

Inspired by a dignified furor, the first impulse of his mind determined him to proceed, and adopt the healthful exercise of field-sports-Hail happy hour, that brings me to my friend's atchievements! It happened on one of those tranquil evenings of July, when nature had clad the gay scenery of the surrounding country in a solemn, silent repose_while Phœbus delighted with viewing mortals' pastimes, checked the fiery speed of his coursers, and hung loitering o'er the distant hills, nor thought of Somnus' wants; on such a delectable eve it was, that Mr. Twang, and a few select friends stole from the madding multitude of pigeon-shooting, to quaf the nut-brown, and digest their plans for future sports; here originated the zest for dogs, guns, and game; in these quiet moments it was that a retrospective view of life seemed to him one barren tract, where nought but screaming eunuchs, and harsh sounding cat-gut vibrated on his mind; infuriated with sudden zeal, he exclaimed, with his usual pomposo,

"Away with all the past, avaunt ye plodding hours
That stole my prime of life, and poison'd me with care,
No more; henceforth be mine the pleasures of the chase,
My hounds shall wake the lazy morn,
And glad the horizon round."

Transported with the fairy prospects of the health breathing heath and rough stubble. Mr. Twang determined on embracing the life of a sportsman; and in these moments of solitude laid all his plans for future pleasure: here let my parallel hold good, by comparing my friend with that renowned character, Frederick the Great, who in solitude meditated the conquest of Silesia. It was during a visit to the baths of Pyrmont, and amidst the mountains of that country, in a retreat from bustle, that hero became the recluse and planned his future prospects of greatness; nevertheless, the transcendant genius of my fidling friend has by no means been eclipsed, even by that tremendous Bulgarian Butcher.

Time who waits not for the madding croud, soon brought with him the sporting hours of jovial autumn.

Anticeding this delightful period, and during the first mania of Mr. Twang's sporting fit, he provided himself with every necessary for the approaching season; dogs were procured from Mr. Sheppard, (a gentleman before noticed) that exceeded expectation, nothing could surpass their speed and scent, for scarce a morning clapsed when airing, but urchins with satchells on the back, and breakfast in the hand, could bear testimony to their keen noses; guns by Mortimer with the usual paraphernalia were all prepared; when lo! arrived the auspicious time.

It was on the 31st of August, Anno Dom, exact at nine o'clock P. M. Mr.
Twang and his friend and partner that was to be, in this first excursion, drained the parting bowl with success to the slaughter of the feathered race, and took their leave; it were absurd to suppose such keen sportsmen ever closed their eyes, intent on the pleasures of the coming day; they arose and met by morning's dawn; joined by Dicky the servant of Mr. Twang, who was designed as marker of the game.

There is something exceeding ridiculous in the notion of taking the field before another sportsman, and equally so in that of going fasting to the chase; it rather resembles soldiers hurrying themselves to get shot at, than sportsmen in pursuit of game: to prevent the inconveThere is a fatality attending events, however well planued and careful you may be, that ill will sometimes betide them; so it may be said in this case to have happened; for Dicky, who had been left in the kitchen, to prevent the troublesome intrusion of dogs among the company, happened to tread on the tail of Mrs. Way's favorite cat, who in revenge for such negligence, fixed herself by her talons on Sancho's head, Doll alarmed, flew apart from her companion, and both taking across the room, came in contact with Judy, an Irish lass, who was conveying the breakfast-apparatus to Mr. Twang and his companion; Judy's fall, and the breaking of cups and saucers soon brought the landlady to the scene of action; and the only weapon at hand being that of a teakettle of boiling water, she plentifully bedewed the same from the head to the tail of poor Doll, who

ejaculated some favourite notes from Mr. Twang's new gamut; while Sancho with his companion fixed to his head, continued to howl and moan most piteously, until finding an outlet by the door, they might be said to fly like lightning back to their original possessor; whom no doubt, should my readers wish to hear of, can be informed by Mr. James Sheppard, who will give them every necessary particular. Dicky, the negligent cause of the disaster, was soon in the hands of the guardian of the night; nor could persuasion induce them to release him without bail, or a more cogent and weighty argument than any hitherto adduced.

Tom B——, a good natured droll, and a member of the brilliants, who resided in Martlett-court, was fixed upon by Mr. Twang and his friend to bail Dicky; no sooner had honest Tom thrown open his chamber-window, and was informed the nature of the request, than feeling disconcerted by the unseasonableness of the visit, he determined on an immediate revenge; assuming the position of that celebrated statue of Rubilieu, the god of the Nile, he humbly, (though in imitation) contented himself with that small emblem of the river Jordan, vulgarly called a chamber-utensil, the contents

of which he bestowed with a profuse liberality among the group, which no sooner sprinkled the vigilant peace-officers who held Dicky, than they retaliated on Mr. Twang and his friend, all of whom they dragged before the constable at the watch-house, where severally giving charge of the parties, they remained in custody until carried before the magistrate, who discharged them with an admonition.

The morning of this auspicious day being far advanced, and the pointers having deserted our sportsmen, it was deemed prudent to adjourn the meditated slaughter of partridges, pigs, geese, and sparrows—Sine die.

CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER I.

LLOYD'S COFFEE-HOUSE.

Sir.

In spite of all the encomiums bestowed on the healthful pleasures of pursuing sport in meadows, stubble, woods, and heaths, I assure you we have, at times, glorious fun in the alley and its vicinity. It was only on Saturday last, about 1 o'clock, P. M. that the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange was highly entertained by a duck-hunt. It seems that a duck of uncommon size had waddled from us the last settling day, though evidently in full plumage: information being received at the Stock Exchange that the duck had very unexpectedly made it's appearance at Lloyd's-a large detachment of the alley-brokers sallied up stairs to take a view of it; they poured in such a torrent into the coffee-room, and made such hideous cries, that it was thought all the bulls and bears in Christendom had been let oose; no poor devil was ever more cruelly baited: the wretched duck, at last, thought fit to fly off, but was pursued with unabated vengeance down Bartholemew-lane and Lothbury, the alley-gentry calling out, wing the duck; stop his flight; rump him: the poor bird harrassed and fatigued, at length, took a fresh flight, and eluded its pursuers, by making for shelter and protection to a house in Lincoln's Inn-fields, where it found a safe habitation.

Yours, &c.

JEREMIAH SCRIP.

P.S. If the above description of a morning's sport in the city, is worthy of insertion among your sporting anecdotes, it is at your service: but, never give a premium for communication, unless I receive it; and then it, a secret worth knowing, will advance a good bonus.

The Answer.

Mr. Markwell receives with pleasure, Mr. Scrip's account of the duck-hunt, and exonerates him from the usual fee-shall certainly

introduce the same in his forth-coming publication: is exceedingly concerned he was not present at the sport, owing a damnable grudge to lame ducks who waddle when full fledgedbeing once a bear himself, and done by a bull, for a difference of £4. 7s. 2d. Mr. Markwell recommends to the sportsmen of Capel-court, in future, when they catch a duck of the foregoing description, to tie an owl upon his head, as sportsmen do upon those they hunt in a pond; when, this last bird will naturally fasten himself, by aid of his claws, on the neck of the waddler, who will, from the severity of the embrace, flutter, and drop his excrement, by these means you may hunt by scent, when game is lost to the sight.

M.M.

LETTER II.

To Marmaduke Markwell, Esq.

Sir,
Observing your liberal proposals towards the public, I am determined on attempting the

science of shooting_mother and sisters being hugely fond of eating hares and partridges. I should like to surprise them, you see; but not having a gun, and what things attach to those who go fowling, I shall be obliged by your purchasing the same for me, with all the appurtenances that belong to sportsmen, as you know so well what they ought to have. I leave the whole, sir, to your admirable choice and direction, as I mean to take good long trips, sometimes to Clapham, Hackney, Paddington, or Kensington. Would it not be as well, for the sake of expedition, to purchase a shooting poney for me; I think it will make the neighbours stare, when they see me mounted, with my pointers following the horse's heels; which, I flatter myself, will be of the best, as you will get them; apropos-don't forget the shooting certificate; my address you may give to the clerk of the peace, as subscribed at the bottom of this letter.

Mr. Markwell will oblige by making out a bill of all the items, and affixing the price opposite each particular article, to regulate future purchases; and for the sum total a bill will be given at seven years after date, when I shall be of age, and out of my time, and come into my grandmother's tontine annuity of £7.4s. 8½d: in assurance all will be procured for me by the 31st of August. I remain, sir,

Your expecting friend,

AUGUST 26.

Pye Corner, near Newgate-street. HOPEFUL TOUCHALL.

Mr. Hopeful Touchall.

Sir,
I received your smooth epistle, which had nearly choaked me with choler before I came to the conclusion; the modesty of your request can only be exceeded by the fervency you express to become an adept in the science of shooting. I can assure you, sir, when your neighbours see you mounted on a poney of my purchasing, they shall have cause to stare; and as for the certificate, except it be one for d—d impudence, youget none from me. Your bill, grandmother, and the annuity I consign to the devil; and as you leave all to my direction, I would willingly chuse the hangman should try his skill on Mr. Touchall, ere he touches a single article from

MARMADUKE MARKWELL

P.S. Had your diffidence permitted you to have sent the usual fee, some excuse might have been urged in extenuation for your bashfulness; but neither to send that trifle, nor pay the postage of your consummate assurance, is beyond enduring.

To the Author.

Sir,

I presume either yourself, or Mr. Quiz'em, your friend, have caused the inclosed letter from Touchall, to be forwarded to me, as a hoax: relying on your answer to clear up the doubt, I shall remain your friend, if convinced to the contrary.

M. M.

Mr. Markwell may rest assured, that neither the author, nor his friend Mr. Quiz'em, have any knowledge of that hopeful sprig.—Mr. Touchall.

LETTER III.

To Mr. M. Markwell.

Sir,

Being desirous of making myself a complete shooter_I have observed in the public papers you advertise to give instructions in that art of shooting flying, and advice to noviciates for the choice of guns, dogs, &c.: youg, or grown gentlemen might apply either by letter, &c. I beg you will favor me, to explain how I must act with Mr. Ramhard, the gun-smith, of whom I have bespoke a fowling-piece: he demanded of me if I would have patent breeches; I could form no conception what breeches had to do with a double-barrelled gun; so, pausing for a time, in a doubtful suspence, I assumed the appearance of being absent, and pretending to have recollected some important concerns I had in hand, I claimed his pardon for inattention, and promised to send him an answer in the course I am, sir, yours, &c. of a few days.

ROBERT STITCHTIGHT,

Ladies' Shoe Maker. Budge Row.

P.S. Perhaps Mr. Ramhard, the gun-man, means those patent breeches advertised by ———, in Bond-street, that are worn by the gentlemen of the Barouche club, and come over the shoulders, with holes through them as waistcoats have; if such things belong to shooting, papa is intimate with the patentee, and can have them at first hand, blood for blood as we say in the kid line.

The Answer.

Mr. Markwell has read Mr. Stitchtight's note—has to observe, he considers him a very prudent youth in not betraying his incapacity to a gun-maker: in return to his enquiry, informs him that patent breeches, or any other breech to a gun, is the part usually denominated the chamber, or lodgment for the powder, and is that part usually the thickest that fixes in the stock.

His fee, the seven shilling piece, advertised for his advice, is exceeding short of weight. This hint for Mr. Stitchtight's future guidance, should Mr. Stitchtight feel the importance of the communication, and be inclined to present Mr. Markwell with a new pair of boots, for the deficiency of weight in the gold, they will be well received, without any affront being conjectured.

LETTER IV.

To Marmaduke Markwell, Esq.

Sir.

The fate of many an honest dog hanging upon the use a sportsman makes of his eyes, as the shadow of departed excellence, I beg your inserting the following admonitory lines, as a warning to city-sportsmen how they trust to occular demonstration; and not to credit the sight on all occasions; or the old proverb, "that seeing is believing." Had Mr. Emetic, the pill-gilder, not mistaken my former substance for a hare, I might still have ranged the stubble, and quartered the ground at pleasure.

Yours, &c.

The Ghost of Ponto,

AN OLD POINTER.

TO MY MASTER,

WHO LENT ME TO HIS APOTHECARY.

By whom I was shot for a hare.

Oh! hadst thou never known a dog,
Or, from the plough-tail, flash'd in vogue,
As dunghill-sportsmen do;
Who but for honor, seldom flinch,
As when they would seduce a wench,
And prove to her untrue.

Was it in lieu of purging pills,
To check the swelling in thy gills
That thou didst part with me?
Or, could the staggers gripe thee so,
That but a clyster nought would do,
And he must have his fee?

Why did he not, as he has done,

A bladder empty, for a gun,

And thy poor pointer save?

Or, would he thus his patients use,

Their confidence, at first, abuse,

Then send them to the grave?

Of such a marksman, have a care, Lest he mistake thee for a hare, And rashly shoot thee too; A bolus, or a lotion may Just as inevitably slay, As fowling-pieces do.

ANSWER

TO THE SHADE OF POOR PONTO.

Shadow.

I admit thy complaint to be just, and shall give it publicity. I think your admonition will be of service to my London friends, and prevent many a rash and random shot.

Yours, &c. M.M.

LETTER V.

To M. Markwell, Esq.

Sir.

Aware of the inconvenience that often attaches to my fair country women who are partial to field-sports, sometimes exhibiting by an accidental fall, when in pursuit of the fox, what I blush to think of, I am induced to hope they will cease to continue following that diversion, though perfectly harmlessand healthful itself, as they may, from such accidents, subject the most delicate of the sex to a prosecution from that godlike sect, the Society for the Suppression of Vice, for exhibiting in the open air, subjects tending to corrupt the morals of bashful foxhunters; and for this same reason I would caution the fair against dealing any way in politics, as it most infallibly will lead to evil consequences, though the most delicate means should be taken to convey the sentiment. As a proof of my assertion, I beg you will insert the following anecdote, as a caution how ladies attempt handling a political sporting subject:—

"'Some years since, when Sir Gerrard Vanneck was on his canvass for Suffolk, his sister was
not inactive in endeavouring to secure all the
interest she could. A freeholder, who had loug
admired Sir Gerrard's very fine breed of greyhounds, was much solicited on this occasion;
and he is said to have replied to the fair sportswoman who requested his vote, somewhat bluntly but specifically, 'that if Miss V. would give
him a leap of her famous dun, he was her
man.'

His wishes to mend the breed of his greyhounds was complied with, and the vote was secured,"

Its horrible, Sir, to contemplate the punishment this lady would have experienced, had the exhibiting business reached the ears of the bishop who heads the society of saints for the preservation of morals.

Yours, &c.

PEEPING TOM.

The Answer.

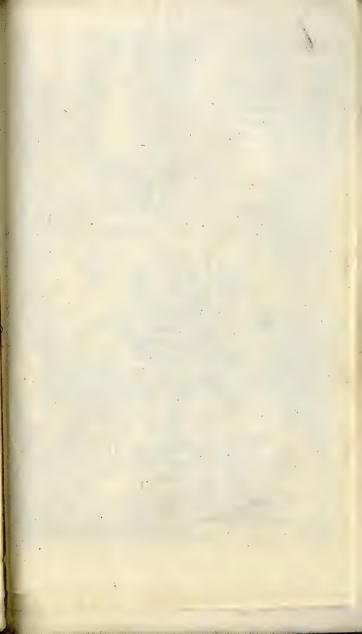
Peeping Tom need be under very little anxiety for the morals of foxhunters, or in any danger of corrupting those of the saints of the laudable institution he describes. Had a bishop or an archbishop passed a fair huntress under similar circumstances, he would only have done his duty, by bestowing a short benediction upon his eyes, and charitably covering the naked; and as for Miss V.'s famous dun, should any of this progeny be remarkable for fawning and licking your hand or your ——, it will sufficiently denote they are of a true political breed.

M. M.

LETTER VI.

Sir,

Implicitly following your advice to young sportsmen, I did, according to recommendation, begin my first narrative by an attempt at the marvellous. Father being an attorney, and articled to him for seven years, I knows a little about those things: so that I might appear somewhat like Messrs. Tally-ho, Bounce and Cracklie, I related a tale of having killed a woodcock last season, which on examination of the rope or intestine, I found to be obstructed by the bones of a horse's head and the vertebre of the neck; and could only account for the same. by the frost setting in so suddenly as to lock up even the hottest springs, that being prevented taking its usual food by suction, it had recourse to swallowing what presented itself. Tom Telltruth and a few others, who were present at the recital, began coughing, while Mr. Fairplay, father's deadly opponent in his profession, sneezed so immoderately in my face, that I believe he took me for either a woodcock or a





snipe, that wanted renovating with moisture. If, I thought he was making game of what I said, I would file a bill of injunction against him. If, gentlemen are to be doubted for philosophically accounting for a phenomenon, I think it were quite as well to have muzzles invented for all descriptions of sportsmen.

I am yours, &c.
To M. Markwell, Esq. GEO. GRIPE, JUN.

The Answer.

Mr. Gripe, Jun. will do well in future to avoid hoaxing old practitioners, either sportsmen or lawyers, and to cease relating wonderful deeds, unless he fall into the company of greenhorns who have large swallows: to any other than such persons' throats, bones from the component parts' of a horse's head will generally stick in the way.

Perhaps Mr. Gripe would succeed best in the courts of justice, where he may lie, swear, rob and plunder with impunity, and by prescription, as is no doubt expressed in his professional certificate.

Mr. Markwell would recommend Mr. Gripe to avoid infringing on the philosophical patent of Baron Munchausen, lest a counter action should be instituted against him, by the executors of that great man for pirating. Gripe mistakes the recommendation of Mr. Markwell, if he considers himself at liberty to indulge in the marvellous without propriety; for this reason Mr. Gripe will observe, that when Squire Tally-ho's mare took her extraordinary leap into his first floor window, no person was present except himself; and, as before observed, if he wanted a story to equal the one he hadheard, he should take a trip to Cochin China, or elsewhere, for its parallel or twin brother. But, Mr. Gripe dealing solely ni ipse, without adducing a companion as a spectator to corroborate the marvellous, may occasionally expect coughing, sneezing, gaping, and perhaps spitting to ensue. Tobias Shandy, Esq. on hearing any tremendous exploit, would always whistle, lil-a-bul-ero. But, such characters as that mild and benign hero, do not appear to constitute the company who usually resort to the sporting rendezvous of Mr. Gripe.

By the treatment you have experienced, I can pretty well judge you to be a mean, brazen vagrant; and am confirmed in my conjecture, by your impudence in troubling me without inclosing the usual fee; a circumstance so familiar to your profession, and ever upper-

most with every attorney and pettyfogger, as never to be forgotten, or omitted to be asked for.

LETTER VII.

Dear Sir,

Understanding you intend giving publicity in your new work to what may relate to sporting, I beg your acceptance of the following

chase, if worthy of insertion:

For some years, as you well know, I have held the farm I possess, which, since my grandfather rented, is hardly worth the dung bestowed upon it, the rent being almost trebled. Whilst the vicar, like my landlord, enforces claims, in the name of tythes, that many of my neighbours swear is down right simony, all expostulation with him is vain; and unless I apply to the bishop for redress, I expect shortly he will demand every tenth brick and board of my house, and perhaps the same proportion of my teeth.

It is, surely, cruel in those gentlemen who are little better in voraciousness than the black flies that visit our turnips, to consider themselves entitled by virtue of their cloth, to trample over our sown lands and destroy stand.

ing crops in pursuing their sports. For my part, I am so heartily tired and worn out by complaining, and without avail, that I determined on becoming a sportsman in my turn. The damages I feel daily by breaking my hedges and treading down my corn, are but a part of the injury I sustain; for should these shooting parsons, or rather, I ought to say, pot-hunters fall short of game, without the smallest ceremony they make up for the deficiency, by loading themselves with the produce of my land. Whatever may be in their way is equally acceptable, whether turnips, potatoes or cabbages; and with the utmost sang froid they will load themselves, though myself or my labourers are in view. When they call at my farm-house, I am always on the alert, sending my wife and daughters out of the way the instant they appear, and setting my son Tom to watch the bacon rack. Nevertheless, I can hardly keep a sufficient eye on their fingers, to prevent my missing something or other before they leave me; and though my nature will not suffer me to refuse the mendicants a draught of my nut-brown, its an even chance for my bounty but I lose a pig's cheek from my smoke-drying chimneycorner, or a dead chicken from the safe.

Feeling, Sir, exceeding sore, as I should sup-

pose you or most men would, if in a similar situation; I resolved as I have before said, to become a sportsman in my turn, and as a chase on my own lands in pursuit of vermin is allowable, I trained Cæsar, Jowler, and Holdfast, for the purpose.

It was just below the coppice, that encircles the back part of our mutual friend master Hawthorn's garden, and close by that stile where he shot the hawk in the act of pouncing his little friend and companion that awoke him each morning; and on which occasion he so much pleased us, you recollect, by commemorating it with his pastoral ditty, a copy of which you have herewith according to desire.

THE WOODLARK,

or

FAVOURITE SAVED.

Warble on, lovely lark, from the spray,
Those woodnotes so sweet to mine ear;
May the falcon that marks thee his prey,
Fall a boon to the tube that I bear.

Pretty warbler, return to thy rest,
Tell your mate and her offspring to smile;
Say mercy awaits the opprest,
And the tyrant now dies at the stile.

Rise again and renew your sweet lay,
O'er the copse thick entangled with thorn;
Serene pass your life's little day,
Peaceful bliss tend your eve as your morn. J.H.

It was near that memorable spot I espied parson Greedy, loading himself in his usual manner with my turnips. Here, Sir, I threw off, and giving the blackfly a chivey, I laid on my dogs. Old stuff-paunch hollooed loudly to keep off my hounds; but deaf to all intreaties, I gave him a fresh tally, and woo-hoopped him so earnestly, that he found it necessary to break away, clubbing his gun and emptying his pockets as he took heel.

Glorious sport, my dear fellow; ran him in view to the corner of the coppice, where taking shelter, he broke away through the underwood. Cheered up Holdfast, who tore off the rotten skirt of his coat as he leaped covert-made for the high road, where he was headed by the prebend of - returning from duty at his cathedral. Ashamed of his conduct, shied, seeing his friend, and made speed for the enclosures. I tracked his step through the soft land and laid on the dogs afresh. Charming scent. ing; can wind the deposited effects of fright in his inexpressibles, running in high stile. ing my old mare with too much eagerness over the fallows, cracked her wind-dismount and follow on foot-dogs run counter, mistaking a badger for the scent of a parson, who by speed had reached the neighbouring brow.

Whistle my ploughman, gave me the view-halloo—retrieve the game, and go full mouthed over the lands—lay hard at his haunches until reaching soil, which boldly plunging into, he endeavours to cross. Over-weighed with plunder and his fowlingpiece, he sinks to eternal rest—Foundered the hounds and returned home in high glee. Whoo-hoop was never so carried.

Yours, &c.

THOMAS LOVEFUN.

The Answer.

My Dear Fellow,

I received your favour, and thank you for friend Hawthorn's ditty: would recommend my brother shots to remember the pleasure we derive from all descriptions of singing birds, and spare them in the sporting season for the gratification they afford us by their songs in summer. Would have given a trifle to have been your wipper-in during your glorious run. Methinks, I see old stuff-paunch driving at speed—shall certainly give the particulars in my new work, and hope it will act as a caution to those merciless, toad-eating, pot-hunters.

Yours, &c. M. M.

LETTER VIII:

Sir,

Having a capital manor, and that well stocked with game, I am continually harrassed by the poachers-have oftentimes received threatening letters, for occasionally prosecuting those rabble; indeed, my life has been so often menaced of late, that with all the attention of my domestics, I can hardly venture beyond the limits of my own estate: determined at length on a riddance of these gentry, I knew but two ways that suggested itself to me, of effectually preventing a repetition of their visits; the one of extirpating every head of game in my manor, which I was exceeding loath to put in execution; or to completely frighten them by means of scare crows or a bug-a-boo, as we do children: after various devices, I found an easy and expeditious mode, which I beg to communicate for the benefit of country squires and lords of manors, who may peruse your new publication on the art of shooting, &c.

In the first instance, I caused notices to be stuck up at the corner of all the cross roads, that men-traps were placed in every wood; the rogues knowing my partiality for the petticoat, took it for granted I had a puss slily concealed nevery copse in the county. They had the effrontery to enquire of my own men, whether master's wench lived at the woodman's or the carter's cottage, promising to make me a cuckold if they could find out my darling love, if her name was Clarke, and if she had made handkerchiefs for me their impudence exceeded belief. Finding my first scheme fruitless, I altered the intimidation to beware of steel traps and spring guns: in this also I was foiled, as the dogs assured my steward, they knew I possessed too much of the milk of human kindness to sport with the lives of my neighbours.

I had now recource to my last alternative, which was to request my friend Mr. Cutsharp, the surgeon, to send me the first leg he should amputate: this I was soon put into possession of; which I ordered to be dressed in a high-low, with a worsted stocking, the upper part of which I had made ragged, as if from the tear and laceration of a steel trap. On the following sunday I caused the curate to touch upon the heinous subject of stealing your neighbour's property, and got him to treat upon the crime of poaching; no sooner was his homily ended, than the clerk, with an audible voice, three times proclaimed, "O yes! O yes! O yes! This is

to give notice, if the owner, or any part of his family, holding up the amputated limb, of this leg and foot, will come forward and prove it to be their property, they may have the same upon an affidavit being sworn to before a magistrate; the same leg and foot being left by some person poaching in the grounds of the squire and lord of the manor. God save the king.

I am happy to add, this shock appears to have electrified the rascally poachers, and that I can now preserve my game without the risk of my life. I am, sir,

Yours, &c.
Joseph Eatgame.

The Answer.

Mr. Eatgame's experiment being both harmless and efficacious, shall meet with proper attention. A few hundred hares, pheasants, snipes, woodcocks, rails, quail, and venison, will be very acceptable, in lieu of the fee, omitted to be sent to

An old sportsman,

M. M.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER:

A farewell Die.

Inscribed to London Sportsmen.

THE sun was just risen, the streets were all clear,
When I hastily leap'd from my bed;
I dress'd me, and shoulder'd my gun without fear,

And to Highbury-fields, sir, I sped.

Of a covey of partridges I had been told,

And the spot I had mark'd with my eye;

I determin'd to shoot them to shew I was bo'
And to shoot them before they could fly.

Sans winking or blinking, I shoulder'd my piece,
And was going to let fly very soon,

When the covey all rose, and with such a c-d whiz,
That I nearly fell into a swoon.

Up started my hair, and down dropp'd my gun,
And quite motionless was my whole frame;

I trembled, perspired, and cried out, Is this fun?
I desire no more of the same.

I wish I was once back again in Budge-row, And to Budge-row I quickly will budge;

I pick'd up my piece, and determin'd to go, And right-weary I back again trudge. Returning, I made Bagnige Wells in my way,
When the rolls were all smoking and hot,
I said, I'll not stop, but my stomach said no,
Nothing better than this can be got.

Having finish'd my tea, for a doctor I call'd,
And they brought me new milk and old rum;
And finding my appetite not the least appall'd,
I desired the ham too might come.

I eat, and I drank, and I fell fast asleep,
And I doz'd 'till the clock had struck four;
Then went to the Peacock, drank five bottles deep,
And a shooting I ne'er will go more.

Ye merchants and shop-keepers, shopmen, and all, Who think partridge of birds is the best, Be ye young, be ye old, be ye short, be ye tall, Oh, stay till the partridge is drest.

There are shooters enough, so stick to your books,
And of birds you'll have many a brace;
Instead of good guns, take care you've good cooks,
And dine not till you have said grace.

Let men who delight in the dirt and the rain,
In ditches walk up to their knees;
If the birds are transmitted to you when they're slain,
You may eat very much at your ease.

When with crumbs or bread-sauce on your tables they smoke Tuck your napkin tight under your chin; Then, tho' sportsmen may sneer, and a good shot may joke Eat on, and let those laugh that win.

Heney & Haddon, Printers.





